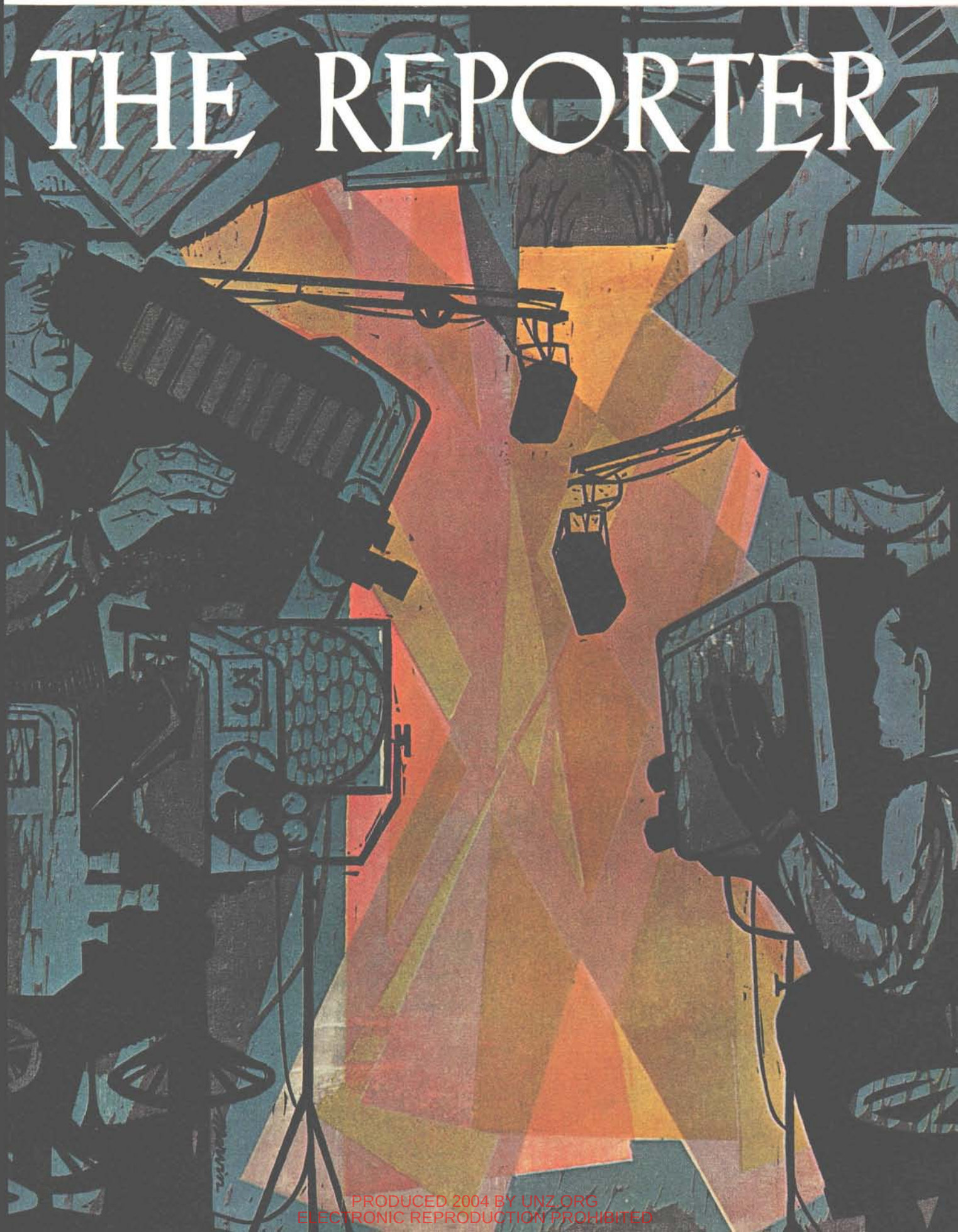
The Economic Squeeze on Mass TV

April 28, 1960 25¢

Excerpt from a Sicilian Masterpiece—'THE LEOPARD'

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Burnished, Emphatic Hands Across The Sea*)

VOL. III Nº IV

THE IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS' GOODWILL MISSION TO AMERICA

THE DELEGATION POSED INFORMALLY IN THE COURTYARD, DUBLIN CASTLE.

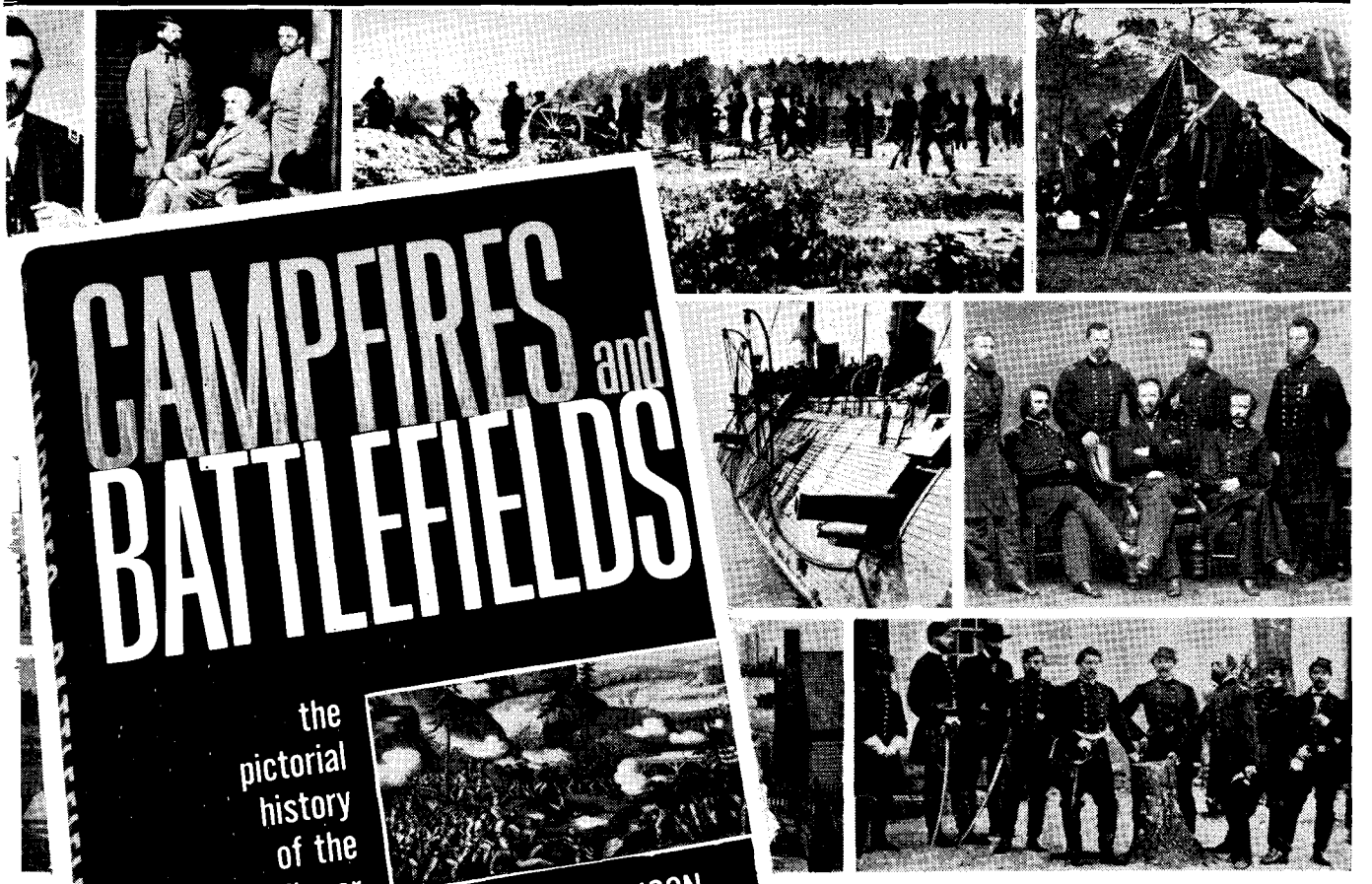
Ah, this is a marvellous age we live in! *It is now possible to fly Irish Whiskey from Dublin to New York in the one day!* And us with it! Actually, speedy delivery of Old Burnished Emphatic is not all that important; it hasn't got to be served instanter. It's not like hotcakes. Very true, but since our [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland's] delegation is flying over anyway we have thought to carry a few provisions. Hence the first Irish Whiskey Airlift, although the real reasons for our mission are: 1) a goodwill tour, and 2) to prod the dear sales curve; though not necessarily in that order. For the duration we have agreed to set differences aside and be all for the one and one for all as they say. Still it will do no harm if, as we identify the members of the group, we mention the whiskeys each makes. Right to Left, then: Capt. C. W. Robertson (John Jameson), Desmond Williams (Tullamore Dew and Dunphy's Original Irish), William Campbell (Gilbey's Crock O'Gold), Ronald Murphy (Paddy and Murphy's), Austen Boyd (Old Bushmills), John Ryan (Power's Gold Label), Michael O'Reilly, who read and answered the 35,000 letters you have written him during the past year-and-a-half. Many people have wondered whether there is really a Michael O'Reilly. Oh there is. So, on Sunday Morning the 24th April we shall arrive at Idlewild on Aerlinte Eireann (Irish International Airlines) at 7:30 A. M., though please don't bother as we can get in by the airport limousine. If you see any of us around town please introduce yourself; we shall be most offended if you don't.

© 1960, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LARGEST PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

PUBLISHED IN ONE GIANT 14" x 10" VOLUME



- 544 large pages
- Complete alphabetical index
- More than 1,150 Brady photos, maps, etchings
- Reprinted from the rare original 1895 edition
- Photos of U.S. and C.S.A. leaders and generals, battle scenes, prisons, hospitals, weapons
- A fascinating gift — a major library source work

his remarkable book is the largest, clearest and most valuable pictorial history of the Civil ar published in one gigantic (10¾" x 14½") olume. Reproduced exactly from the sought after d long-out-of-print original 1895 edition, it has 185 illustrations of every possible kind—Brady otos, battle scenes, maps, cartoons, songs of the nion and the Confederacy, and many rare photo-aphs of such as Jefferson Davis, his cabinet d even his bodyguards, as well as photographs Lincoln and the leaders and generals of both les. But this is more than a pictorial history—has a long, clear and detailed text that describes ery aspect of the Civil War—the land and sea ttles; an honest appraisal of the military leaders d the fighting foot soldiers. It supplies com-te information on weapons used by both sides, the fortifications and prisons; shows and describes field hospitals in action, the Sanitary Commission, the nurses and hospitals and the wounded who died in them. You can read about it all, and then see it all in the photographs and etchings which depict a fascinating, brave and sometimes forgotten era of our history. We are proud to offer this stirring pictorial record of the Civil War to a new generation, to commemorate the forthcoming centennial of The Great War. You will treasure your copy of **Campfires and Battlefields** . . . it will provide young and old with the magic spell which only a great gallery of breath-taking photographs, rare documents, and maps of the great conflict between the Union and Confederate armies could generate. Order **now**, and take advantage of this special 33 1/3% discount.

SAVE 33⅓% — **Campfires and Battlefields** will be re-issued in Summer 1960 at $15. if you order **now** with this coupon, you can get yours at a **special pre-publication price of only $9.95.**

THE CIVIL WAR PRESS
Dept. R-4, 305 Madison Ave., New York 17

Rush me . . . . copies of Campfires and Battlefields at the pre-publication price of $9.95.

NAME.....

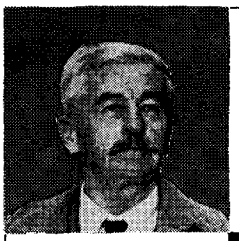
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Send check or m.o.—add 45c postage & handling

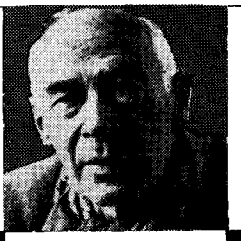
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO CELEBRATE MID-CENTURY'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY:



$1

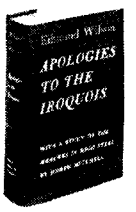
THE MANSION by William Faulkner. The newest novel by a master storyteller the London Times calls "the greatest American novelist of our century." A fateful drama told with compassion and humor. $4.75.



$1

THE HENRY MILLER READER. American censorship has prevented many of Henry Miller's books from being published. The moral importance of his writings is acknowledged by all who have had a chance to know them. $6.50.

$1



APOLOGIES TO THE IROQUOIS by Edmund Wilson. The story of the Iroquois world—its politics, ceremonies, personalities — and how a way of life and belief is being destroyed by an impersonal machine society. $4.95.

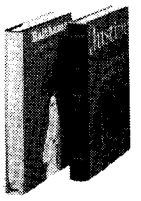
Mid-Century's First Selection For Children

$1

A TREASURE CHEST OF TALES. Marvelous stories, for children 8 or older, 25 items in all, including 5 full-length books. A volume adults also can read with pleasure. $4.95.

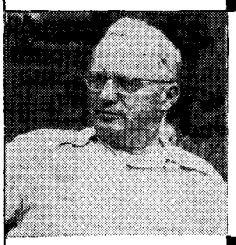
$1

LIFE AGAINST DEATH by Norman O. Brown. Far-ranging, thorough-going, extreme, and shocking, LIFE AGAINST DEATH is the best interpretation of Freud. One of the most interesting and valuable works of our time. $6.50.



Both for $1

JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR (a dual selection) by Lawrence Durrell. JUSTINE'S epigraph is by Freud: "I am accustoming myself to the idea of regarding every sexual act as a process in which four persons are involved." $7.00.



$1

THE MIND OF AN ASSASSIN by Isaac Don Levine. The remarkable narrative of an extraordinary criminal, the man who killed Leon Trotsky with a pickax. It reveals the terrifying personal history of a Soviet agent. $4.50.

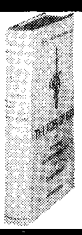
$1

THREE PLAYS BY JOHN OSBORNE. LOOK BACK IN ANGER—EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON—THE ENTERTAINER. "Mr. Osborne's dialogue leaps off the page." $8.25.

$1

MYTHOLOGIES by W. B. Yeats. Tales of the uncanny and the supernatural, the gathering of more than 60 stories from seven books written by the most highly regarded poet of his time. $5.00.

$1



THE AGES OF MAN by William Shakespeare, selected and arranged by George Rylands. This remarkable book, long out of print, is now available only in this special Mid-Century edition. $4.95.

$1

THE SIEGE AT PEKING by Peter Fleming. A superb story of the Boxer Rebellion. The New York Times: "A brilliant reconstruction of the strangest siege in history." $4.00.

Both for $1

O TO BE A DRAGON by Marianne Moore — **LIFE STUDIES** by Robert Lowell (a dual selection). The two most distinguished books by established poets published this year. $6.25.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN OFFER THE DISCRIMINATING READER WON'T WANT TO MISS

On a first anniversary, one cannot speak from long experience. We can, however, speak about objectives and a few accomplishments. It is true that we are inviting readers to accept our offer of any three of these extraordinary books for only one dollar each as an introduction to membership in *The Mid-Century Book Society*. It is also true that total savings from membership can exceed 50% or more. But our hope is that the *discriminating* reader will join *Mid-Century* principally because of the wide variety of superior books and its superior service policies.

Mid-Century's astonishing success bears out the belief of three men: W. H. Auden, one of the great poets of the English language; Jacques Barzun, Provost of Columbia University and author of THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT; Lionel Trilling, America's most influential literary critic. Different as their points of view are, they had one belief in common: that there was an audience in this country for books of the highest level which they could recommend to people of taste and judgment as they would to their own friends. These three men read many books each month, recommend a few. These they review for you in advance, and quite candidly. The fact that they have undertaken to do this in the midst of their already full literary lives is perhaps the best guarantee that *Mid-Century* is, within the limits of human fallibility, just what it professes to be: a way of making the finest books available conveniently and economically.

Are there not on these pages three books you would choose to own for $1 each, knowing that thereafter the *Society* will bring you advance word throughout the year of the finest books for you to choose from at reduced prices. You need select as few as four books a year to enjoy the prices and privileges of membership, and for every four books you buy at reduced prices, you may choose a fifth selection free.

If you appreciate courtesy and convenience as well as good taste, you will soon know why so many people distinguished for their own work in the arts and professions have elected to join the *Society*, as we hope you will now. On the occasion of our anniversary, may we welcome you?

$1

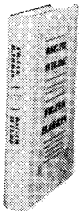
LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL by Leslie Fiedler. An entertaining, major study of American literature — wide in range, rich in content — by a controversial, first-rate critic. $8.50

$1

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT by Jacques Barzun. How intellect, the prime force in Western civilization, is being destroyed by our culture in the name of art, science, and philanthropy. A national best-seller. $5.00.

$1

THE ANGER OF ACHILLES by Robert Graves. By far the best modern translation of the Iliad, in a beautiful, illustrated edition. $4.95.



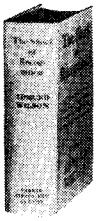
$1

OSCAR WILDE by Frank Harris. Now available for the first time in 30 years, this book was described by H. L. Mencken as "the best biography done by an American." Remarkable candor, delightful reading. $7.00.

$1

AGEE ON FILM. Pulitzer Prize-winning James Agee, author of A DEATH IN THE FAMILY, was the best movie critic this country ever had. Book includes Agee's classic article on silent comedy. Photographs. $6.50.

YOUR MOVE



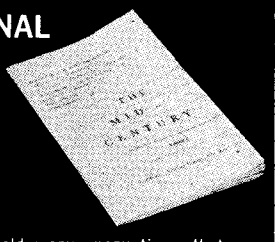
$1

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION edited by Edmund Wilson. This now famous work presents the opinions of the great American writers about each other. Original essays, memoirs, diaries, and letters. $6.50.

3 Extraordinary Books For $1 Each

WITH MEMBERSHIP

AN ADDITIONAL REASON FOR JOINING NOW



We have been told many, many times that the most thoughtful and well-written book reviews now being published in this country are those that appear in THE MID-CENTURY magazine, "a gem of American publishing." You will receive this delightful publication FREE each month as a member of the Society. Clip the coupon now.

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY
107 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York

219

Please enroll me as a member of *The Mid-Century Book Society*. Enter my FREE subscription to THE MID-CENTURY magazine (the most talked-about new literary publication in many years) and begin my membership by sending me the three selections I have listed below. I need choose only four more selections at reduced prices during the coming year, for which I shall receive a fifth selection free, and will be under no further obligation.

MY THREE SELECTIONS_____

NAME_____

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Please charge my account and bill me for $3 plus the shipping charge of 54c for all three books.

☐ My check for $3 is enclosed. (*Mid-Century* will pay the postage)

(New York City residents please add 9c sales tax)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Catholic Issue

Maybe we are overoptimistic, or maybe it is because we believe in rationing our worries; but certainly in spite of what we have read and heard about the Catholic issue, Catholic bloc voting, and the Catholic cross-over in the Wisconsin primaries—in spite of it all, we cannot get excited. Of course even before Wisconsin we have been concerned, and our concern has withstood the emotional outpourings of normally sober men together with the traditional litanies of bigots and anti-bigots.

These days, when we meet people who shake their heads in anguish and bemoan the dire prospect of our country being divided between a Protestant and a Catholic party, then we feel grateful to our pharmaceutical industry for having made Miltown so easily available. Both our parties have given such superb evidence of their allergy to ideologies that we just can't bring ourselves to see the nation split along theological lines.

There were several kinds of cross-over in Wisconsin. The Kennedy machine worked with superb smoothness there, used as few Catholics as possible, and spared no effort to beguile women voters irrespective of religious affiliation. There can be no canonical controversy about the fact that Jack Kennedy is a singularly handsome young man, and that his sisters and brothers are a well-groomed, lively, and altogether attractive lot. Moreover, they had Frank Sinatra on their side. Theirs was certainly a well-laid plan, but we doubt that it can be considered the harbinger of a Guelph Party.

In Wisconsin the Republicans had no choice to make, and quite a number of them, we are told, were afraid of the supremely eloquent Humphrey as if he were a twentieth-century Bryan. Among prominent Wisconsin Catholics, there are some who are proud to say that there was a Catholic bloc vote—while others say exactly the opposite.

Yet even assuming that the Catholic bloc vote there was of massive proportion, is this the first time that there has been something of this kind in our country? It doesn't take much political sophistication to know that the so-called Catholic, or Jewish, or Negro, or Labor vote, in differing degrees, at different times and places, is more or less of a reality that is hugely magnified by the politicians concerned and by imaginative reporters.

The dread of the Catholic issue has now created a frantic demand for mixed blocs, and an urge to have the formula of the balanced ticket applied to any and all political groups. This formula is far from new. Sometimes it works in business as well as in politics. In at least one case it has been exalted in martyrdom. Who can forget the four chaplains of different religions holding hands on the sinking ship? But we fail to be alarmed if occasionally fairly large groups of one denomination or another manage to vote the same way, and we do not feel that at all levels of politics interfaith togetherness should be made compulsory.

IN THIS CAMPAIGN, the Catholic issue has been raised, as might have been predicted, by people professionally dedicated to denouncing or defending the political impact of Catholicism. A new attitude, however, has come into the picture: that of fair-minded men who, with the best of motives, keep a constant watch on those who raise the issue and therefore contribute to keep it alive.

The most eminent example is James Reston of the New York *Times*, who has no superior in the

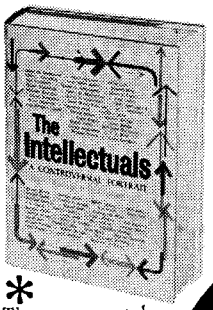
THE DEATH OF PETER PAN

The boy grew up. The boy had long since died
Before a train in London killed the man
He grew to be: a gray and ill exile
From Never Never Land. The light
In Tinker Bell, so dim so long,
Had flickered out. What child would scream belief
In her reality? Would fly (and fall)
When he can sit before a world of spitting guns
And kissing women? Wendy was no date
For any boy. And what in Peter Pan
Could stir the child and mother in any girl
Dreaming of marriage and man? Ah no,
Peter Llewellyn Davies, if anything
You chose too late an end. The innocence
Of Kensington, that well-bred Barrie dream,
Is far too fragile for this fearsome age.
The light that Tinker Bell once lit in small
And breathless hearts has been outshone
By Epsilon Eridani. She has nothing
For men who turn miraculous huge ears
Outward in space, and listen night and day
For something—who knows what?—
Light years away.

—SEC

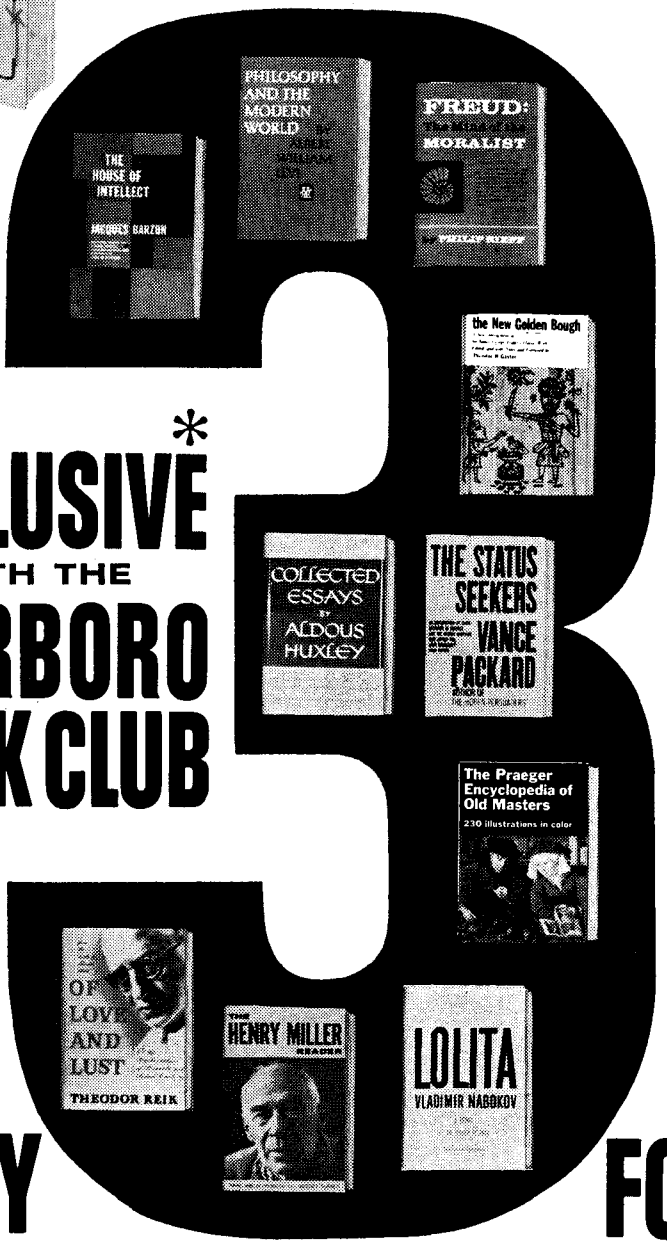
THE REPORTER, April 28, 1960, Volume 22, No. 9. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*The monumental study of **THE INTELLECTUALS** ..a scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world. Named as a selection of the Marboro Book Club by exclusive arrangement with the publishers.

YOUR FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR EACH. Up to $23.50 worth of books for $2.95 (and *such* books). For example there's the encyclopedic and mercilessly honest study of the most intelligent, most complicated, and most frustrated people on earth—THE INTELLECTUALS. (They invented the United States, the Atom Bomb, Modern Art, and the Soviet Union, and lost control of all of them. This book tells why).


THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT
PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD
FREUD: MORALIST
the New Golden Bough
COLLECTED ESSAYS by ALDOUS HUXLEY
THE STATUS SEEKERS VANCE PACKARD
The Praeger Encyclopedia of Old Masters
230 illustrations in color
OF LOVE AND LUST THEODOR REIK
HENRY MILLER READER
LOLITA VLADIMIR NABOKOV

EXCLUSIVE* WITH THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB

ANY 3 FOR $2.95 with membership

Never before have the scholars, savants, bohemians, dilettantes, mandarins, sad young men, angry young men, and authentic geniuses of the intellectual community been examined with such thoroughness, such remorseless logic, and such diabolic candor.

THE INTELLECTUALS is at once a geography and history of the intellectual world...a psychological study of its dilemmas, fads, hostilities, and fears...and an anthropological exploration of its tribal myths, rituals, superstitions and taboos...written with delightful erudition, and with devastating objectivity that leaves its 600 pages strewn with the broken bits of fallen idols and the bleached bones of sacred cows.

A BOMBSHELL OF A BOOK. It took some of the world's most famous intellectuals to write this book (no one else would have dared). Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, Sidney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Reinhold Niebuhr are just a few of them. Together they do for the intelligentsia something akin to what Audubon did for birds and Gibbon did for the Roman Empire.

What's more, these scholarly dignitaries often end up in rowdy disagreement among themselves. They let loose the kind of critical crossfire that makes intellectual history—and makes THE INTELLECTUALS one of the most controversial and quotable books of 1960. Anyone who has seen this notable book will tell you it is worth every penny of its $7.50 bookstore price, yet it is yours for *less than a dollar* if you wish to select it now as part of this Introductory offer from the Marboro Book Club.

A SELECT CIRCLE OF READERS. To demonstrate the values that you can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including THE INTELLECTUALS if you wish) for less than half of what you would otherwise pay for THE INTELLECTUALS alone. This is no ordinary offer; but then, this is no ordinary book club.

SAVE 50% ON BOOKS ALL YEAR! Like a cooperative, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power* —and thereby save an average of *one-half* on books they would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at the low Members' Prices, you receive a Bonus Volume of your choice at no additional charge.

REACH FOR A PENCIL NOW and check off the three books you want to own for less than a dollar each. You'll save as much as $20.55 on regular bookstore prices, so act fast while this exclusive offer lasts.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING *

By Sir Herbert Read
485 illustrations
100 magnificent plates in full color.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

☐ **THE INTELLECTUALS.** A scholarly, witty, and wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world. Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Sidney Hook, Reinhold Niebuhr and many other famous intellectuals examine the intelligentsia with devastating candor. 600 pages. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE STATUS SEEKERS.** By Vance Packard, author of The Hidden Persuaders. The best-selling exploration of class behavior in America. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE NEW GOLDEN BOUGH.** By Sir James G. Frazer. Ed. by Theodor H. Gaster. Completely revised and newly annotated in the light of new anthropological discoveries. "Enables one to appreciate Frazer anew." —Clyde Kluckhohn. *List Price $8.50*

☐ **COLLECTED ESSAYS BY ALDOUS HUXLEY.** The author of Brave New World at his witty and shocking best —on sex, art, psychoanalysis, narcotics, the whole range of human folly and endeavor. *List Price $5.00*

☐ **FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST.** By Philip Rieff. A revelation of Freud's thought on human morality — from sexual ethics to religion. 400 pages. *List Price $6.00*

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD.** By Albert William Levi. A brilliant analysis on the dilemma of modern man as exemplified in 16 outstanding thinkers of our time— among them Sartre, Russell, Einstein, Dewey, Whitehead, Freud, Veblen, Toynbee and Lenin. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. One of the most hotly-discussed books since the sensational controversy over **Ulysses.** Its subject matter has made the world gasp. The brilliance of its writing has made the world's critics cheer. *List Price $5.00*

☐ **A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.** By Sir Herbert Read. From **Cezanne** to **Picasso** and **Pollock.** "Copiously and discerningly illustrated to aid us in understanding one of the great developments of our times."—**Howard Devree.** 495 plates, 100 in full color. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE HENRY MILLER READER.** Edited by Lawrence Durrell. The best of Miller, including writings from banned works such as Tropic of Cancer. "One of the most beautiful prose styles today."—**H. L. Mencken.** *List Price $6.50*

☐ **THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT.** Jacques Barzun's witty, merciless new book about the Sacred Cows of American Culture. *List Price $5.00*

☐ **THE PRAEGER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OLD MASTERS.** By Joachim Fernau. Illustrated with 230 plates in full color, this volume covers the entire field of Old Master painting, from Cimabue and Giotto to Blake and Goya. *List Price $6.75*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $2.95 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

☐ I enclose $2.95 (Books will be sent postpaid).

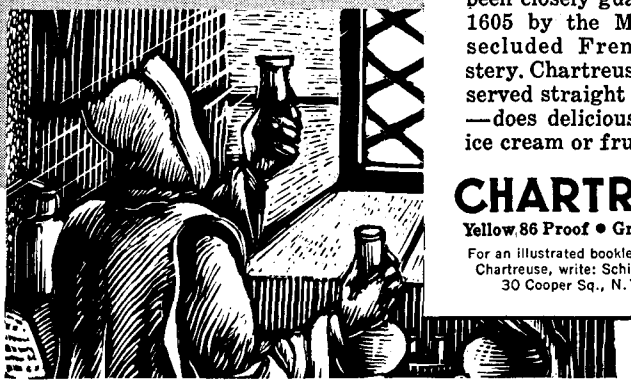
MR-650

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRET OF

Chartreuse



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice —does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. BB

RACE AND NATIONALISM:

The Struggle for Power in Rhodesia-Nyasaland

by Thomas M. Franck

The emergence of a determined opposition to the anomalous situation of Federation in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland brings into sharp focus the demanding realities of the subjection of seven million Africans to the political, economic and social will of a quarter of a million Whites. With the pressures of awakening African nationalism being brought to bear on the impending revision of the Federation's Constitution, the facts as described in this book will have to be faced.

After conducting extensive on-the-spot research, Thomas M. Franck not only analyzes the problems but blueprints a plan for economic, social and political change which, if successfully applied, can change the climate of race relations in the Federation and throughout the central African region.

x, 373 pp. *$6.75*

At your Bookstore

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS

New York 58, N. Y.

business of conscientious, interpretive reporting. On October 31 of last year, he wrote that there may or may not be a Catholic vote but the professional politicians think there is. This year, on April 7, he stated, and not without justification, that Senator Kennedy himself had raised the issue, when, at the Democratic convention in 1956, he circulated a memorandum "purporting to show that there was a 'Catholic vote' that could help the Democrats win if a Catholic, and specifically Kennedy, were put on the ticket." On April 9, Reston said he had no doubt: the main question in the election "is whether the religious issue can be controlled or whether it will get out of hand and divide the country."

Reston wants "the decent instincts of the nation . . . mobilized," for he hates the whole thing. We have no doubt he does, but cannot help wondering how, in his passionate search for those who are raising the issue, he could go so far as to overlook himself.

THERE MUST be still a disturbing quality about this Catholic issue if some of the best men in our midst can still be upset by it. Yet we think that these are the last attacks of a fever from which the nation is recovering. In 1960, differently from 1928, there are several—not just one —Catholic politicians who are available for a Presidential or Vice-Presidential nomination. On the Republican side, Secretary Mitchell is reported to be more than willing to run with Vice-President Nixon. On the Democratic side, there are quite a few men whose names have been mentioned as potential Vice-Presidential candidates – including Kennedy. So far, Kennedy has every possible reason for insisting that he wants the first job or nothing. But politicians, particularly when ambitious and young, are always likely to change their minds. Certainly Senator Kennedy's father was wrong lately when, asked whether the prospect of his becoming a President's father was an issue in the campaign, he answered: "Me an issue? Let's not con ourselves. The only issue is whether a Catholic can be elected President."

We do not wish to discuss now the qualifications and past records of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any One of these Beautiful Books FREE

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

ART SINCE 1945. *The first complete survey of international art since World War II. Texts by such authorities as Will Grohmann, Sam Hunter, and Herbert Read.* 180 brilliant illus. (60 in color), 400 pp., 9¼ x 11¼. Retail $15.00. **Members' price $11.95.**

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI. *This study by Carola Giedion-Welcker contains the most complete set of Brancusi reproductions ever published.* 83 text pp. plus 147 halftones, 4 line drawings, 2 color plates, 8⅞ x 11¾. Retail $15.00. **Members' price $11.95.**

PABLO PICASSO. *By Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartes. Picasso himself collaborated in the production of this monumental study of his work.* 606 illus. (44 in color), 524 pp., 8½ x 12. Retail $17.50. **Members' price $13.50.**

IDEAS AND IMAGES IN WORLD ART. *By René Huyghe. An exhaustive history which sees the artist as listening to the visible world or, as in much contemporary art, attempting to drown its voice. "Belongs with Malraux."* 400 illus. (16 in color), 488 pp., 7½ x 9⅛. Retail $15.00. **Members' price $11.95.**

THE HOKUSAI SKETCHBOOKS. *By James A. Michener. One of the richest tapestries of life ever recorded—by the great Japanese printmaker.* Bound in raw silk, boxed, 187 color plates plus hundreds of text illus. 286 pp., 6½ x 10½. Retail $10.00. **Members' price $7.95.**

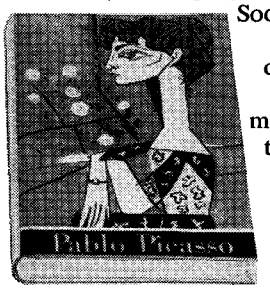
THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES. Six handsomely boxed vols. with more than 480 illus. (96 in full color): Winslow Homer *and* Albert Ryder *by Lloyd Goodrich;* Thomas Eakins *by Fairfield Porter;* William de Kooning *by Thomas B. Hess;* Stuart Davis *by E. C. Goossen;* Jackson Pollock *by Frank O'Hara.* Retail $23.70. **Members' price $13.95.**

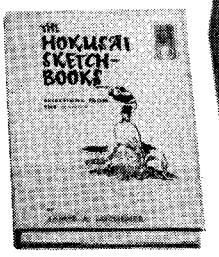
THE MOVIES. *By Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. A huge pictorial history.* 442 pp., 1000 illus., 9 x 12; and **MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.** *By Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. Over 150 great photos by master photographers. Biographies and index.* 192 pp., 9¾ x 11¼. Combined retail price $27.50. **Members' price (for both books) $20.00.**

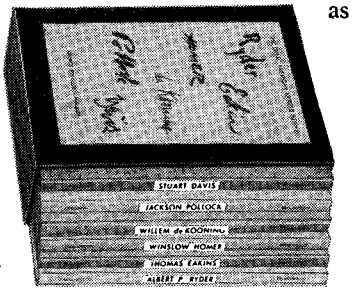
SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE. *Sigfried Giedion's contemporary classic—tracing the antecedents of modern architecture.* 450 illus. 780 pp., 7¼ x 10. Retail $12.50. **Members' price $9.50.**

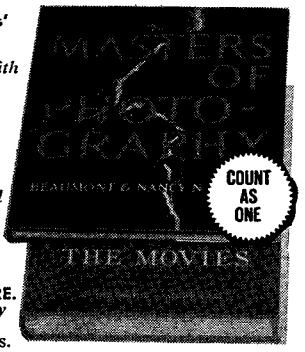
THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ARTISTS' TECHNIQUES. *By Kurt Herberts. A guide for artist and layman; explains and illustrates 38 art techniques.* 169 illus. (80 in color), 352 pp., 8 x 8. Retail $15.00. **Members' price $10.95.**

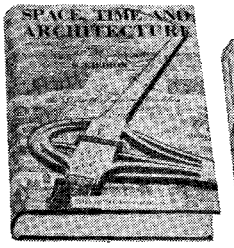
THE LOUVRE *and* **FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS IN THE LOUVRE.** *By Germain Bazin. A glowing presentation of the treasures of the Louvre and the French Impressionists in the Jeu de Paume.* Each 6 x 8¼ vol. contains 324 pp., 101 color plates, 240 monochrome illus. Combined retail price $15.00. **Members' price (for both books) $10.95.**

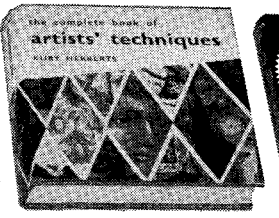


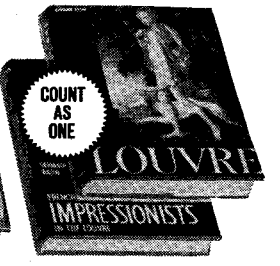












...an Invitation to Those Who Want the Finest in the Arts

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY offers you the opportunity to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts. The books described and pictured here are a sampling of recent Seven Arts selections, but their authoritative texts, fidelity of reproduction, and beautiful book-making are typical of all the books the Society offers its members at substantial savings.

Why not begin your trial membership in THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY now, and discover for yourself the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization which offers you today's most beautiful books at lowest possible cost? You may start your membership with any one* of the outstanding books shown here and choose any other to be sent you free as an introductory gift.

Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to as much as $37.25.

*You may choose two books marked "count as one" as your **free** gift—or as your first selection.

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY
215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a member and send me the *free gift* and first selection (at the special members' price plus postage and handling) indicated. I agree to take as few as five additional selections—or alternates—in the next 12 months. I am to receive each month without charge the attractive *Seven Arts News* containing an extensive review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection announced I can return your simple form saying "send me nothing," or use it to order another book from the more than 100 authoritative volumes offered in the course of a year. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.

FREE GIFT

FIRST SELECTION

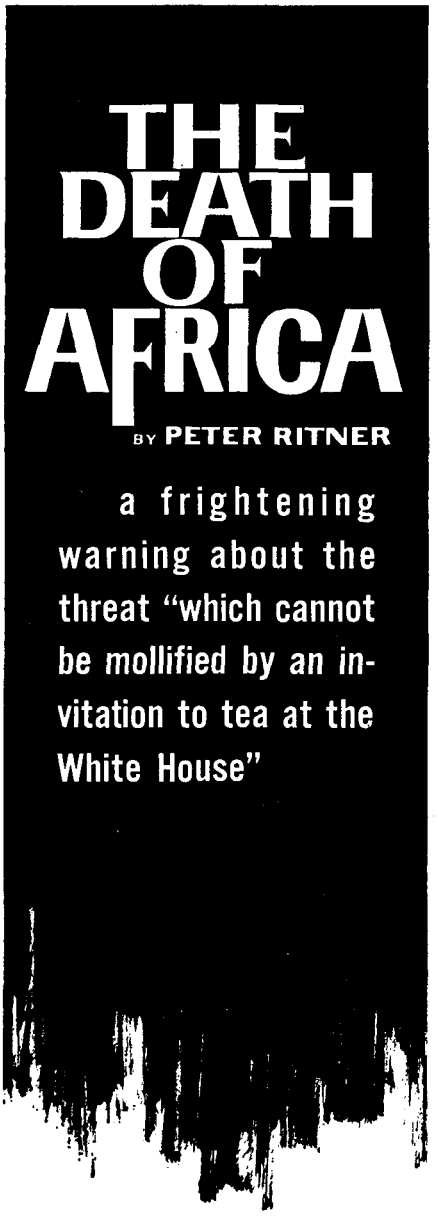
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss please print

Address

City Zone State

S60-41

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE DEATH OF AFRICA
BY PETER RITNER
a frightening warning about the threat "which cannot be mollified by an invitation to tea at the White House"

This impassioned book is an appeal for understanding and action on the part of all alert Americans. Mr. Ritner (former feature editor of the *Saturday Review*) documents the African situation and our stake in it—and offers the only possible solution for saving that continent—and ours—from disaster.

at your bookstore $4.95

The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

any candidate—and even less of a candidate's father. We only want to say that in our opinion the era is coming to an end when a Catholic could be considered as disqualified from the Presidency. Sometime—and soon—a Catholic will establish his residence at the White House. Then there will remain a few other silly political taboos to be disposed of.

A Catholic President will have to bear witness to the separation between church and state, and become its chief custodian. European Catholics have known for centuries that Catholicism and clericalism are far from the same thing. Indeed, they have known that a man may be profoundly Catholic and at the same time on his guard against clerical trespassing into temporal affairs. Some of the greatest Catholic statesmen have come from this anti-clerical or aclerical tradition—and if they are at the head of a free country, they have to. The sooner American Catholics catch up with their European brethren, the better.

—MAX ASCOLI

Africans and Afrikaners

The whole world was horrified when South African police opened fire with machine guns on Negro demonstrators at Sharpeville last March 21. On April 1 the U.N. Security Council called on South Africa to "abandon its policies of apartheid and racial discrimination" and instructed Secretary General Hammarsjköld to consult with the government of South Africa over "arrangements" to have the human-rights provisions of the United Nations charter respected there. The vote was 9 to 0, with France and the United Kingdom abstaining. Although British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd called the U.N. resolution an "obvious interference" with the internal affairs of South Africa, his own Parliament unanimously approved a resolution deploring South Africa's racial policies on April 8. The U.S. State Department has also expressed formal disapproval.

It has been argued that moral condemnation by itself is meaningless in a case like this, and a consumers' boycott of South African goods was urged at an African Freedom-Day rally held here in New York on April 13. But since South Africa's principal exports, aside from wool, are diamonds, gold, and atomic-energy materials, it is difficult to see how the man in the street can make much of an impact.

Perhaps governments will find it necessary to take stronger measures, including economic sanctions, in what may soon cease to be South Africa's internal affairs. But for the moment, no device of reason or diplomacy can be overlooked in an effort to persuade the Afrikaners that their worst fears will indeed be realized if a dark-skinned majority's hopes for human decency drive a terrified white minority backward into savagery: The Afrikaners are sure to lose their civilization if they themselves are not civilized.

These Things Were Said

¶ Although chaplains ride the subs on sea trials, on actual missions there will not be enough room on a sub for an "extra" man. Then religious services will be conducted by lay leaders with the aid of tape recordings of hymns, prepared sermons, films, and worship kits. Chaplain Leonard displayed the kit proudly. Stowed in a black case, slightly smaller than a one-suiter, was the complete equipment to celebrate the Lord's Supper: One collapsible chalice, brass; one crucifix, reversible (without the figure of Christ for Protestants, with, for Catholics); one communion kit (about the size of three stacked butter plates); two candlesticks, brass; and two altar cloths, velvet. Then, unfolding the case and arranging its fittings, he turned it into an altar. "This is only 22 inches by 15 inches," he said, "but it's still not small enough. The hatches of the subs are only 25 inches across, and space is at a terrific premium down there. There's a new one we'll be getting soon, that will be about half this size." Lapsing into Navy talk, he ventured: "We hope to have it operational by fall."—*Newsweek.*

¶ Jackson, Miss. April 1—The legislature commended singer Elvis Presley yesterday for serving as "another example of prestige brought to the state of Mississippi."—*United Press International Report.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

TOKENISM

To the Editor: Your editorial "Up from Tokenism" and the article by David Halberstam, "A Good City Gone Ugly" (*The Reporter*, March 31), are such eloquent statements of this city's racial situation that I can only hope that they will be widely and carefully read. Now that discussion has begun again, there can be no going to sleep as there was before, when the "integration plan . . . called a model for other Southern cities" seemed to leave this community at the end of a dead-end street. . . . A vacuum has been apparent, a vacuum where great forces have come to thrust.

This city has had its veil of Sunday sanctity torn from its face. The words of Dr. Liston Pope, Dean of Yale University's Divinity School, and of Dr. Harold De Wolf, of Boston University's School of Theology, have reached out from the Vanderbilt campus where they spoke recently at the dedication of the new Divinity School Quadrangle, as have the actions of the courageous Christian students of my university and other schools here, to tell this nation and this world that there can be no compromise with "tokenism."

INEZ ADAMS, Acting Chairman
Department of Social Science
Fisk University
Nashville, Tennessee

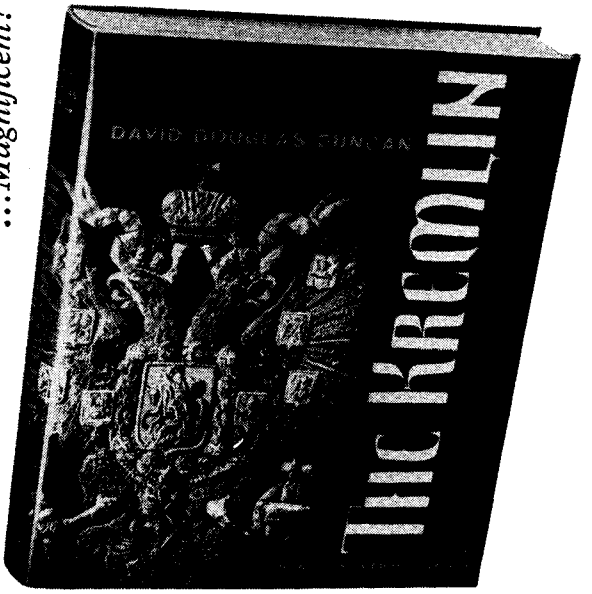
To the Editor: Your timely coverage, in the March 31 issue, of the swelling Negro protest movement in the South provides an opportunity to comment on some aspects about which there has been much confusion. Thus, we hear much of the limitations of litigation and of the legislative route, which are said to be too slow, or outmoded, or "middle-class," whatever that means.

There can be no disagreement as to the tremendous value of demonstrations such as we have been witnessing in the past two months in segregated public facilities in the South. These demonstrations not only exert a direct pressure upon the offending premises, they are builders of vital *esprit de corps* for the participants and they are a burning prod to the public conscience. But they do not spring full-blown from the Gandhian literature and they are as subject as anything else to limitations of time, place, and circumstance.

The popular climate which permits students to sit down in Southern restaurants with (thus far) no severe brutality on the part of the police is a product of the long line of advances gained via the courts and in some legislatures, and through the years of publicity and agitation for a square deal for all, regardless of color. The release of spirit manifested in the Montgomery bus boycott, carried on in such places as Elloree, South Carolina, and Belzoni, Mississippi, and now manifested in the sit-downs, is directly attributable to

BEHOLD!

...Magnificent!



Photography and text by David Douglas Duncan

THE KREMLIN, above all, is a book that must be seen to be believed.

Just as the book itself from cover to cover is an incredibly beautiful work of the bookmaker's art . . . so, the story behind its creation is equally remarkable.

Already famous for his superb photography in *This Is War* . . . and the portrait of a great artist in *The Private World of Pablo Picasso,* David Douglas Duncan has here again accomplished a publishing "first".

No one before Duncan, not even a Russian, had ever been granted full freedom to photograph *in color* the enormous treasures of the Kremlin. Only Duncan, a native American, has been given absolute liberty to photograph and pursue his historical researches at will.

THE KREMLIN is thus the most thorough photographic record ever made of the incalculable treasures and art works of church and state, the great and ancient buildings, and the dazzling chambers of the tzars contained within the forbidding walls of Moscow's ancient fortress.

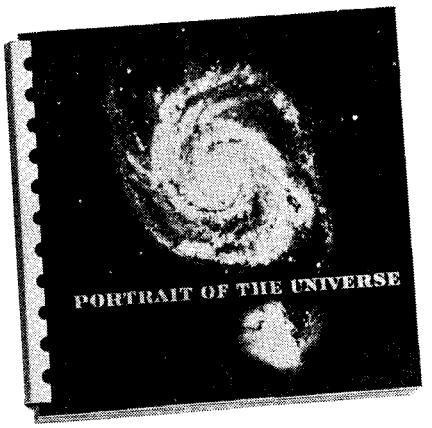
THE KREMLIN is also a thrilling historical journey through eight centuries of Russia's bewildering and often frightening past; for Duncan has written a series of fascinating chapters on the tyrants, heroes, and saints, and their tempestuous times in Russian history, and has provided his exclusive photographs with fully documented, descriptive captions.

THE KREMLIN—83 color plates, many on two-page spreads—168 pages, size 10½ x 12 inches—sumptuously bound—*must be seen to be believed.* It is on display at all fine bookstores. For further information, write . . . *$25*

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
Greenwich, Connecticut

ARTS & BOOKS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

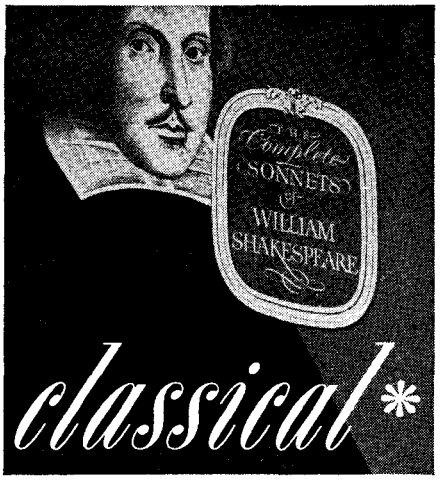


A beautiful compendium of thirty of the finest celestial photographs taken at Mt. Wilson, Palomar, Lick and Yerkes observatories including the Lunik III photo of the far side of the moon. Superbly printed on heavy stock by the Collotype method, the finest screenless process for maximum fidelity of detail. Clear acetate cover silk-screened in gold. 68 pgs., 6¼ x 6¼ inches in size. Complete captions with brief text. $2.95 postpaid.

Astro Murals Inc., 33 West 60th Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Portrait of the Universe

with an Introduction by
DR. FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY
Associate Astronomer
American Museum-Hayden Planetarium



From the immortal author — Shakespeare
An AUDIO BOOK ALBUM with the complete SONNETS of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

All of Shakespeare's 154 Sonnets enchantingly read by *Ronald Colman*. This romantic, swiftly moving, remarkably authentic album captures the real feeling of literary eminence.

3 ULTRA-MICROGROOVE 16 RPM RECORDS BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED — $3.95 AT BETTER BOOK AND MUSIC STORES EVERYWHERE — WRITE FOR CATALOG

*". . . the Classic Literature is always modern." (Bulwer)

AUDIO BOOK COMPANY
St. Joseph, Michigan
"Great Literature in High-Fidelity"

the new perspective on segregation introduced by a Supreme Court decision which for the first time declared that segregation is Constitutionally unacceptable. And the full fruit of victory will lie in judicial determinations that state power cannot lawfully be used to support racially discriminatory practices in facilities open to the public.

JOHN A. MORSELL
Assistant to the
Executive Secretary
N.A.A.C.P.
New York

To the Editor: David Halberstam's perceptive report on Nashville is a great help in clarifying a situation that has been inadequately reported in the nation's press and newsmagazines.

One of the most important parts of the story, however, remains unreported. An epochal struggle in the history of American higher education is going on, as the faculty of the Divinity School, joined by many others on the Vanderbilt University faculty, attempts to maintain the integrity of a university against the social pressures which play on the board of trustees. The issue of whether board members, who are not educators, can completely disregard a faculty in handing down fiats is in many ways more far-reaching than some celebrated questions of academic freedom in our time.

ROGER L. SHINN
Professor of Christian Ethics
Union Theological Seminary
New York City

BRASILIA

To the Editor: It would be presumptuous indeed for me to express other than an offhand opinion of Gilberto Freyre's "A Brazilian's Critique of Brasilia," in the March 31 issue of *The Reporter,* inasmuch as I have not visited Brasilia, although I have been in Brazil several times and I am an honorary citizen of Sao Paulo. I have seen illustrations of the more dramatic new buildings in the public press and in architectural magazines. Personally, I do not particularly like what I have seen portrayed, more particularly in consideration of the fact that these buildings are integral parts of a great nation's capital. I might, however, feel favorable toward these fresh and novel conceptions if they had been designed for, let us say, a world's fair.

From this distance it seems to me that many of these clever architectural conceptions are too bizarre and too ephemeral in character to last in the roles in which they have been cast. They are dramatic and, as such, they undoubtedly appeal to young practitioners of architecture and the arts; but since the forms are doubtless untried, no one can prophesy with any reasonable certainty the reaction of succeeding generations to them. These forms present very personal conceptions of individualists who are also clever ex-

Timely books on the Soviet enigma

Current Soviet Policies—III

Edited by Leo Gruliow. A volume revealing the most recent political developments in the Soviet Union — as described in government-controlled Soviet publications. $6.00

The Soviet Design for a World State

By Elliot R. Goodman. With a Foreword by Philip E. Mosely. An incisive analysis of Communist intentions and expectations, examined in the light of the most authoritative statements of Soviet doctrine. $6.75

Soviet Conduct in World Affairs

A Selection of Readings compiled by Alexander Dallin. Key problems in the study of Soviet behavior, explored perceptively in articles and book excerpts by George F. Kennan, Bertram D. Wolfe, Nathan Leites, Barrington Moore, Jr., Philip E. Mosely, and others. $4.50

At all bookstores
COLUMBIA
University Press
publishers of
THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perimentalists. The question immediately arises, Is it prudent to experiment with untried forms which make up the envelopes that are to become the workshops of the several departments of government? Who knows whether these forms will survive the test of time, whether they will wear well physically and esthetically and survive the adverse opinion of conservatives who still cling to architectural forms based upon classic precedents and who may again be in the majority when the ultramodern has lost its vogue?

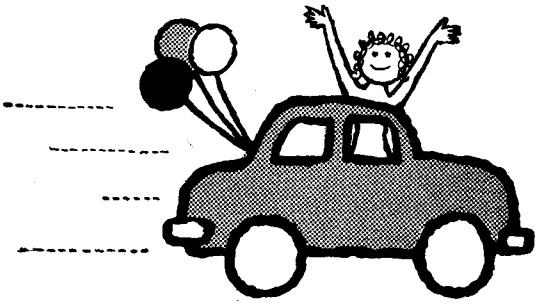
In this country it is doubtful whether two individuals, in this instance architects, would ever be entrusted with the full responsibility for the design of an entire city, including the general plan and the buildings. We would probably place a commission or a board in authority so that there would be a considered system of checks and balances. The commission or the board would consist of men of different backgrounds, varied tastes, and diverse opinions. The result of their deliberations upon a given problem in design would undoubtedly bring about a compromise reflecting composite thinking and thus distill the best out of the several schemes presented; in these circumstances, if several designers were at work on a single project, each design would necessarily reflect the individuality of the architect but, nevertheless, form a pleasant relationship to the others, effecting harmony of the whole.

I know of no example in this country where one or two individuals have had the complete responsibility for the design of a large city, although there may have been a case or two that escaped my notice. Charles Pierre L'Enfant made the first plan for this nation's capital (he did not design any of the buildings); he served under a commission which looked to the first President and to Thomas Jefferson for advice and counsel.

The capital of any virile nation is bound to grow over the years. It would seem prudent, in these circumstances, to develop architectural forms that would be likely to adapt themselves to orderly growth. Experimental forms might better be left for other areas of human endeavor. The business of government is serious and requires for its protection a conservative physical environment. By that I do not arbitrarily rule out all bizarre forms; I believe we need them within severe limitations in the case of capitals of nations and other new cities.

Of course I agree with Mr. Freyre as to the importance of adequate areas for public parks with provision for varied recreational activities; these are necessary for the health and happiness of any community. A new city has the opportunity to provide adequate open areas dedicated in perpetuity to public use; old cities are not so fortunate.

ROBERT MOSES
New York City



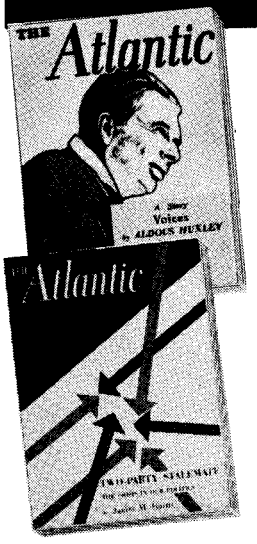
DO EUROPE
THE FUN 'N SAVE WAY
IN YOUR OWN NEW
RENAULT
DAUPHINE
$1133 DELIVERED IN PARIS

Make all arrangements here: have your own brand new Renault Dauphine (with U.S. specifications) waiting for you in Paris./Factory-delivered, ready to drive. World-wide factory warranty and authorized dealer service *everywhere.*/All documents and insurance available also. Four doors, large trunk, up to 40 mpg./For complete selection of European car delivery plans with or without later return shipment to the U.S., see your local Renault Dealer./Or write for Brochure H to Renault. Box 158, Long Island City 4, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HALF PRICE

for a trial subscription that brings the world's foremost writers in every field into your home



RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

John Ciardi
Agnes deMille
Peter Ustinov
Lewis Mumford
James Thurber
Judge Irving R. Kaufman
Sen. Joseph S. Clark
Walter Lippmann
Edith Sitwell
Dore Shary
John P. Marquand
Mark Van Doren
Alfred Knopf
Edward Crankshaw
Clarence B. Randall
Alfred Kazin
Ernest Hemingway
Leonard Bernstein
and many others

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" America's most distinctive magazine, presenting the world's best writers, greatest thinkers and doers! You can join the thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers who enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available any where. See for yourself how much genuine reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue—by taking advantage of this spectacular half price offer: 8, 12, 18, or 24 issues at half the regular price!

(Usual subscription, $7.50 a year)

SEND NO MONEY
Mail this coupon today

THE ATLANTIC, Dept. Z-93
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my half-price trial subscription to THE ATLANTIC for the length of time I have indicated and bill me later.

☐ 8 months for $2.50 ☐ 18 months for $5.65
☐ 12 months for $3.75 ☐ 24 months for $7.50

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....
☐ Remittance Enclosed.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THEOPHRASTUS taught that "The most valuable thing a man can spend is time." Benjamin Franklin recast the thought in dangerously epigrammatic terms: "Time is money." We live in literal days, and as **Robert Horton**, a free-lance writer specializing in mass communications, shows, vast amounts of dollars have been packed into television time. But the root of the networks' present troubles is that although they control so much of the time of the American people, the huge funds that keep the whole operation going come from somebody else—the advertisers. Mr. Horton traces the path, remarkably free of primroses, by which television could not help arriving at this bewildering division of responsibility and power. **Max Ascoli** points out in his editor's note that he will have more to say about an industry whose response to an overwhelming public demand could scarcely be according to a noble conception of public interest. Certainly, the whole problem cannot be left to the networks and the advertisers—government, too, has a role to play.

ON MARCH 26 Prime Minister Harold Macmillan flew into Washington to discuss with President Eisenhower British fears that the United States might reject out of hand the latest Soviet proposal for a nuclear test-ban treaty. As it turned out, Mr. Macmillan's journey was not necessary: the communiqué that came out of Camp David at the end of his visit had been drafted in Washington before the talks began. **Chalmers M. Roberts** of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* analyzes the shifts in policy and personalities that have brought us to our present position on a test-ban treaty. . . . Fiat, according to your point of view, can mean either a "word of will and creation" or a perky little foreign car that can be parked between a traffic cop's toes while he is busy writing out tickets for evildoers of the Detroit persuasion. **Claire Sterling**, our Mediterranean correspondent, shows that both meanings combine in the world of Vittorio Valletta as she discusses the giant company behind the pygmy cars. . . . It is only three years since Ghana became independent and despite the trappings of western democracy so proudly exhibited at the nation's birth, the people of the erstwhile Gold Coast are not overwhelmingly interested in civil liberties. **William H. Hessler**, a staff member of the Cincinnati *Inquirer* presently traveling in Africa, reports from Accra that Kwame Nkrumah is less of a prime minister than a paramount chief.

"WHOEVER votes for *The Leopard* is voting against the modern Italian novel." Despite this cry from Alberto Moravia, **Giuseppe di Lampedusa's** posthumously published work won the Strega Award—Italy's most important literary prize—in 1959. It was acclaimed by critics (excepting Mr. Moravia and a few others) and public alike and became a runaway best seller, considered by many to be the finest Italian novel of this century. Sidney Alexander, writing from Florence at the time, introduced the Prince Lampedusa's novel to American readers in our issue of September 17, 1959.

Gore Vidal, who was our theater reviewer last fall, has reverted to type and written another play. **Max Ascoli,** having read in the newspapers that the play was a sort of satirical editorial, left his editor's chair for a seat in the orchestra. . . . If all that was left of the world was Miami Beach, some would say that civilization had already come to an end. Karl-Birger Blomdahl, a Swedish composer, has written an opera in which the last survivors of a ravaged Earth set out in a space ship that looks like a Miami Beach hotel, and sure enough, the end of everything is only two acts away. All this is a far cry from the healthy lyric days when a prima donna had nothing worse than consumption and a villainous baritone to worry her, but **Fred Grunfeld,** one of our regular music critics, reports from Stockholm that it makes for absorbing opera anyway. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** contributing editor of *Hi-Fi Review,* discusses recent recordings of folk songs ranging from the American Depression to the Irish "Trouble" and from Jean Ritchie's comparative studies of English and American traditional songs to the sound of Mr. Brendan Behan blowing his nose. . . . **Alfred Kazin** is co-editor of *Emerson: A Modern Anthology* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . The world of childhood, however remote and secret it may seem to us now, has not changed even the details of its jokes and fights and wit and lore since Henry VIII was a boy. **George Steiner** is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf). . . . We are pleased to note that our associate editor **Gouverneur Paulding** always addressed Copey of Harvard as "Mr. Copeland."

Our cover is by **Frederic Marvin.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Associate Editors: Gouverneur Paulding, Theodore Draper
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Contributing Editor*, Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Assistant Managing Editor*, Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Paul Jacobs, Edmond Taylor
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 22, NO. 9 **APRIL 28, 1960**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 4

The 'Ultimate Power'

THE ECONOMIC SQUEEZE ON MASS TV . . . . . *Robert Horton* 14

At Home & Abroad

THE HOPES AND FEARS OF AN ATOMIC TEST BAN . . . *Chalmers M. Roberts* 20

PROFESSOR VALLETTA AND THE FIAT EMPIRE . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 26

GHANA'S LOYAL OPPOSITION . . . . . *William H. Hessler* 29

Views & Reviews

'THE LEOPARD'—AN EXCERPT FROM THE NOVEL . . . *Giuseppe di Lampedusa* 34

SATIRE COMES TO BROADWAY . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 38

NOT WITH A BANG . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 40

RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 42

Books:

DRAWING BLOOD . . . . . *Alfred Kazin* 44

THE OLD LANGUAGE OF THE YOUNG . . . . . *George Steiner* 46

GOODBYE, MR. COPELAND . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 48

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 32

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

"... one of the truest pictures of the Spanish people and the Civil War to come along in ages."
—MARYA MANNES

The Disinherited

by MICHEL DEL CASTILLO

INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED, *Child of Our Time* established del Castillo as the voice of Europe's postwar generation. He now speaks, in terms that apply to every generation, of the anguish of human beings at the mercy of forces larger than themselves.

His story tells of three very different young men who become Communists at the time of the Spanish Civil War: Santiago de Leyes, heir to wealth and privilege; Ramirez, embittered son of working-class parents; and Olny, child of Madrid's seething poverty.

AGAINST the background of disillusioned hopes and irrevocable commitments, of personal treachery, tortured hostages, air raids over placid villages, and mass executions, these men emerge as typical of every generation in any country's insurrection.

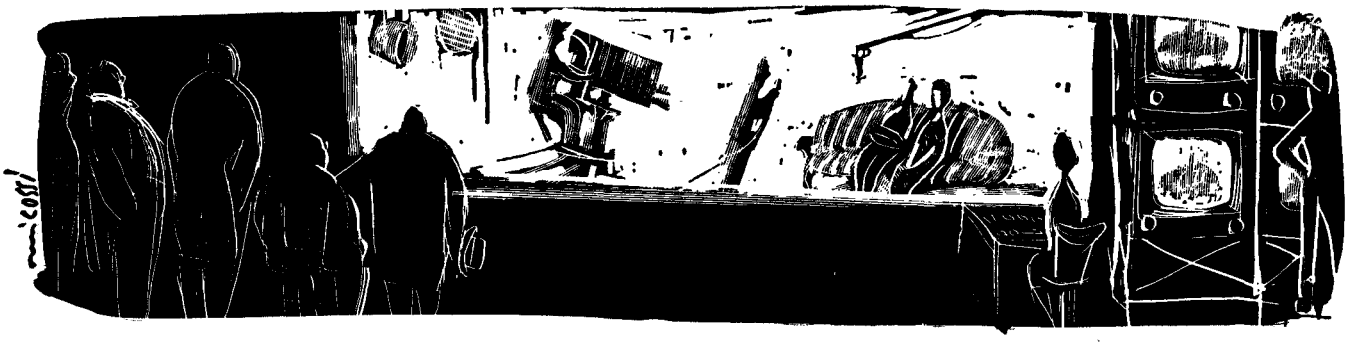
Wherever men of good faith persuade each other to political allegiance, face each other in violence, and betray each other in hatred, the central figures of THE DISINHERITED will find their prototypes. In the words of the *London Times*, this is a novel "charged with a terrible significance."

Translated from the French by HUMPHREY HARE

$3.95 at better bookstores everywhere

ALFRED A. KNOPF
Publisher of Borzoi Books

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Economic Squeeze On Mass TV

ROBERT HORTON

Robert Horton's article deals mainly with the economics of TV and describes how bigness affected an industry that had started with resolves of saintly dedication to Franciscan poverty. In a later issue I shall discuss the demands that are made on TV by the public, by advertisers, and by reformers at large; I shall also make some suggestions concerning the limits the government should assign to the industry's self-regulation.
—M.A.

UNIQUE AMONG American industries, broadcasting was conceived by its founders not as an adventure in profit-making but as a new opportunity for high public service. In 1926 David Sarnoff, who had come to RCA from American Marconi, saw the role of broadcasting "as a public institution in the same sense that a library, for example, is regarded." He was flatly opposed to "direct advertising on the air" and fondly believed that radio manufacturers would in their own interest pay some of the costs of station operation.

Such views were not peculiar to Sarnoff. The first annual conference of commercial broadcasters, held in 1922, solemnly resolved not only that direct advertising be absolutely prohibited but "that indirect advertising be limited to the announcements of the call letters of the station and of the name of the concern responsible for the matter broadcasted, subject to such regulations as the Secretary of Commerce may impose." Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, had already made it clear where he stood: "It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter."

Some thirty years later, Richard Salant, a CBS vice-president, was to give an accurate statement of the philosophy and practice that had evolved. Describing television as "just about this quarter century's brashest entry on the American industrial scene," he urged his colleagues to admit frankly and "out loud that ours is a business which depends on revenue—dollars—from advertisers for survival."

BECAUSE RADIO used the public domain—that is, the air waves—it was understood from the start to have some of the character and responsibility of a public utility, a principle embodied in the original Communications Act of 1927 and carried over to the 1934 act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The spirit of the basic law lay in "the assertion . . . that the right of the public to service is superior to the right of any individual to use the ether." The FCC, accordingly, was directed to regulate broadcasting in the public interest, pass on the nature of the service to be rendered by each station, determine the qualifications of those licensed to operate them, and generally to discipline the industry. TV is obligated by law to place public service over private profit, and to serve "the public interest, convenience and necessity."

Broadcasting has acknowledged its responsibilities to the public with impeccably stated precepts, all recognizing the public stake in the air waves. In the absence of other income, however, commercial broadcasting has had to rely exclusively on advertising for its revenue. It is also the only mass-market industry to which the mass consumer *directly* pays not a single cent. To stay in business and flourish, it must sell not its own end products, its programs, but the product of other industries—the soaps and the cereals, the drugs and the cigarettes, the coffee and the dog foods.

Richard Salant makes the point that "We in broadcasting have never really sat down to think out what our story really is. We have never

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stopped to figure out what we are and what we are trying to do." Any attempt to make good on this failure will have to begin by examining the economics of the industry. For the most striking aspect of TV's plight is that the economics of broadcasting, as presently organized, run directly counter to the basic law that governs the industry.

Gargantua Takes Over

Detailed figures on the finances of television are not easy to come by, but even a sampling of those available shows how the industry grew.

As recently as 1949 the networks and the fourteen stations they owned outright had modest revenues of $19.3 million and showed a loss of $12.1 million for the year. The other eighty-four television stations combined had total revenues of only $15 million and reported to the FCC aggregate losses of $13.5 million. In 1958, by contrast, some 520 stations, practically all affiliated with the networks by then, grossed more than $1.25 *billion*, realized profits estimated at $170 million before taxes, employed about thirty thousand people, and were able to show a seventeen per cent return as compared with the twelve per cent average for American industry. That is an impressive nine-year record for any industry. Of the total gross revenues, moreover, the three networks and the fifteen stations they owned outright in 1958 accounted for fully forty-four per cent.

Of those who keep the screen aglow, the biggest spenders are the food companies, which laid out $109.2 million in 1958 to promote their goodies, from coffier coffee to instant dog food. Next in the order of their patronage of the arts via television came the makers of toiletries and toilet goods, $98.9 million; smoking materials, $62 million; medicine and patent medicines, $58 million; automotive accessories and equipment, $52.5 million. The list then tapered down to agriculture and farming, which contributed a mere $63,454.

TO THESE ADVERTISERS the cost of using the air waves is formidable. To plug the drug Anacin, for example, $740,627 was spent in a single month just for time on the air, apart from talent and production costs. One competitor, Bayer Aspirin, spent $527,855 and another, Bufferin, $455,934.

The cost of TV time, like that of any other advertising, is based on the size of the audience, or what is believed to be the size of the audience, and such are the estimates on this score that time has never had so high a dollar value placed upon it. According to the statistical outfits, bred by the TV industry to produce figures for the ad agencies and the sponsors, about fifty million TV sets in forty-five million American homes are tuned in for thirty-five to forty hours a week. As if that were not awesome enough, Sindlinger

& Co., one of the busiest statistical bureaus, came up with the finding that during a single week last year, 126,564,000 Americans over twelve years of age spent 2,231,600,000 hours watching television and only 474,000,000 hours reading newspapers.

However sound these figures may be, the public must in truth make a staggering use of its television sets, since it pours out a vast fortune just to keep them in working order. Trade statistics show that in 1958 Americans spent $2.5 billion for parts and services, which was roughly five times the investment of the industry itself in broadcasting facilities. In addition, enough sets are on enough of the time to run up a year's bill of some $300 million for electricity.

Free Licenses Cost Big Money

Television's massive structure of public and private investment rests in the first instance on two devices: the Federal license, without which a station cannot operate; and the networks, which by their nation-wide coverage open the door to the mass markets required by the advertisers. The pressure on those responsible for both these features of the business is stupendous and begins to operate from the moment a prospective station owner applies for a license.

In the early days of TV it was possible for a reasonably well-heeled citizen to present himself to the FCC, to pledge himself, as required by law, to operate his station for the "public interest, convenience and necessity," and after submitting a prospective schedule showing a satisfactory balance between public service and entertainment, to walk off with the precious license. Sometimes, however, he faced stiff competition from another investor applying for the same channel, and rather than enter a prolonged contest that could only encourage the FCC to probe deeper into his qualifications, he arranged to buy off his competitor and even charge the expense against future profits. Such payoffs were usually substantial. In Providence a few years ago, one of these disappearing competitors collected $200,000 for just such co-operation.

With 520 TV stations now on the air and very few unassigned channels left, licenses are harder to come by. For the most part they are acquired by transfer, a transaction in which the station is sold without the new owner's having to undergo the scrutiny imposed on an original licensee by the FCC.

Among the bigger deals of recent years was the transfer of a CBS-affiliated property in Philadelphia that cost some $5.5 million and was sold for $20 million (radio station included). Another CBS affiliate in Sacramento, California, that had cost $750,000 brought $1.5 million. And an NBC-affiliated station in Kansas City that had cost $2 million sold for $7.6 million.

In most of these transfer cases only

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some twenty-five to thirty per cent of the sale represents the physical properties of a station, such as tower transmitters and studios. The question then arises, What is the remainder of the money paid for? A good slice of it, of course, is the inflated cost of buying into a seemingly sure-fire growth industry with the prospect of a high rate of return and large capital gains. Another substantial slice goes to pay for the network affiliation, without which, as we shall see, a TV station can hardly hope to break even.

Not least, a sizable, though unspecified, part of the purchase price must be considered by any realistic judgment as payment for the transferred license, without which there could be no deal at all. For a broadcaster's basic stock in trade is the public air, which he sells, along with program and talent, to the advertisers, and he can do that only by virtue of holding a Federal license. According to the law this should be good for only three years, but in reality, as former FCC Chairman James Lawrence Fly observed, a TV license has gradually become "just as permanent as a fee simple deed to the Empire State Building." Under the law it is revocable for violations of FCC orders and regulations, but even in cases of open defiance the commission has taken no such drastic action.

Then You Need a Network

Next to its physical facilities and its license, the most valuable asset a station can have is a contract with one of the three major networks. According to FCC figures, nine out of ten stations depend on network affiliation for survival. Except for a few independents in big metropolitan areas, stations with such contracts can also figure on enjoying the steepest markups over the original price when their owners put them up for sale on the transfer market. An independent station in Milwaukee that cost $700,000 and was barely breaking even sold recently for $5 million just because the seller knew that the buyer already had a CBS affiliation contract in his pocket. Conversely, a half interest in a CBS affiliate in Charleston that had cost more than a million dollars brought only $650,000 when it became known that the network was withdrawing its affiliation.

Behind these fluctuations lies the simple fact that network affiliation often means the difference between healthy profit for a station and intolerable loss. Government figures show, for example, that while thirty affiliated stations in markets with four or more outlets enjoyed an average income of $1,462,000, sixteen independent stations in the same market were suffering losses averaging $78,000.

With an average broadcasting week of one hundred hours, an independent local station could not possibly afford to fill its schedule with live shows even if the material and talent were available, and they are not. Signing a contract with one of the networks, it agrees to turn over its best viewing hours, usually in the form of an "option" on nine or more hours of its best time

divided into three daily periods. In return it gets a steady supply of sponsored and sustaining programs free of charge; a guaranteed income from national advertisers, usually about thirty per cent of the total time charges; and big-name shows that greatly enhance the value of its non-network hours, which it sells to local and national advertisers for spot commercials.

True, by the FCC's interpretation, a station is required to devote a reasonable part of its schedule to sustaining programs and to "local live programs" of direct benefit and interest to the community in which it operates. The FCC has further directed that "such programs should not be crowded out of the best listening hours." And it has ordered that the individual broadcaster or licensee must maintain control over his own programming and may not surrender this responsibility to networks, agencies, or other program-producing organizations. Yet this is precisely what has happened. The same pressures that force the individual station to rely on the network for survival force the networks into an incessant scramble to control more time in more markets in order to be able to offer the national advertiser the biggest possible audience at any given hour.

At hearings held in New York last summer the FCC heard some blunt testimony on this score. Robert L. Foreman, executive vice president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, replied when asked about the individual broadcaster's responsibility for programming: "I am afraid that is an unrealistic situation. My understanding is that that onus was placed upon the local stations many years ago and the situation today is such that the individual stations really do not have that authority, and if they really exercised it the economics of the situation is such that they would not long be in business."

The Tyranny of Ratings

The three networks have in effect taken over the programming of all but a handful of the 520 TV stations scattered about the country. The networks' overriding concern from the start was, and probably had to be, incessant pursuit of the fickle mass audience. Mr. Salant put it clearly enough in a talk last year to the St. Louis Rotary Club: ". . . the fact is that broadcasting is a truly mass medium; it has to be. Unless it can enlist and hold the interest of most of the people a good part of the time, it is just too expensive a medium to survive. It must, in its spectrum of programming, have something—even the great majority of its material—that will appeal to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not just thousands or hundreds of thousands but to millions and tens of millions."

Coinciding by chance with the emergence of polling techniques, the preoccupation with numbers has given birth to an esoteric science that purports to tell a sponsor all about his television "market"—its size, location, and composition—along with comparable data about his competitors.

TV marketing has a basic unit of measurement, called the CPM, which is the cost of presenting the sponsor's message in a thousand homes. Since the total cost of a program is fixed, the greater the number of sets tuned in to it, the lower the CPM. A cost of $3.50 per thousand should not make the average sponsor wince—unless he discovers that a competitor is getting good sales results at $1.95. In that case, the first show will have a very short life, and the chances are good that what replaces it will be a close imitation of the $1.95 show. So it turns out that fifty to sixty per cent of each season's weekly shows are failures and are dropped at the first opportunity available under the contract.

To arrive at the vital CPM, advertisers and networks must first determine the "circulation" of a given program. Unlike newspapers and magazines, which have specific figures on copies sold (though not on total readership), the broadcasting industry must rely on market-research organizations and the rating services they provide. These firms, which have developed into flourishing enterprises in their own right, compile the fateful circulation statistics that determine the nature of TV programming. Using sampling techniques, the rating services obtain their raw information from telephone interviews, from "diaries" listing the programs viewed by a small number of persons selected as a cross section, by meters recording the operation of sets in selected homes, or by a combination of these methods. The rest is done by projection, extrapolation, analysis, and other techniques of the services' special art. Besides circulation estimates, they offer data and advice on almost any aspect of the TV audience —total viewing time, reaction to programs and products, social and physical appetites, and statistical breakdowns by age, sex, and size of family.

LIKE ALL POLLSTERS, they appear to be dancing on the head of a pin, basing their findings on microscopic samples. The Nielsen TV Index, largest of the rating services, with a gross business of more than $20 million annually, uses a sample of approximately a thousand homes. The American Research Bureau checks 2,200 and Trendex from 600 to 1,500 homes, depending on the time period involved. So frequently and extensively do they differ that the industry commissioned a two-year study of the problem by qualified specialists, who in 1954 reported that none of the rating services could pass muster.

The rating systems have been questioned on several counts. With nearly fifty million TV sets in operation, a sampling of less than a thousand may or may not put undue strain on the valid theory of the microcosm, but it is certainly questionable when conditions vary greatly from area to area. There is wide choice of programs in some cities, very little in others; geography imposes variations in time; and local programs may account for differing degrees of competition. Moreover, it is charged, insufficient allowance is made for range of error, and the measuring techniques themselves are vulnerable. A man who feels that he ought to be looking at *Amahl and the Night Visitors* may well hesitate to tell a questioner over the telephone that he is actually watching the Terrible Turk doing mayhem on the Hairy Giant. A diary can have an even more inhibiting effect on the viewer's choice of programs. And a monitoring device is unable to measure the all-important factor of attention. There is no way of telling from the tape whether at a given time the set was playing to a roomful of interested viewers or merely droning on in an empty room because no one in the house was energetic enough to turn it off.

Whatever their technical validity, the sensitivity to this data in the industry is all-pervasive. If a sponsor's goal is a family of five or more in which the age of the adults ranges from thirty-four to forty-nine, he is acutely upset to learn that his show is probably attracting youthful parents with one or two children and with blood that is not yet tired enough to require the sponsor's product. If the Audimeter tape indi-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cates that the audience is increasing toward the end of the show, the sponsor interprets this to mean that people are tuning in for the next program. His best bet, therefore, is to save his hardest sales pitch for the closing commercial in order to take advantage of an augmented audience that wasn't interested in his program in the first place.

It is such considerations as this that spur the networks to acquire what is called "audience flow." This involves the corraling of a whopping audience for an evening show at seven o'clock and holding it, with whatever is thought to be required for mass attention, right up to ten-thirty or eleven. Hence all the blood and thunder in what is considered prime evening time. The current season has featured twenty-five Westerns, three more than last year, and crime shows have increased from ten to thirteen. Two years ago, when quizzes were at their height, there were sixty-four of them, by day and by night. Hence, too, the illustrative fate of "The Firestone Hour."

It was believed, from the ratings, that as soon as this music hour started, several million viewers regularly switched their dials for lustier fare and failed to return to NBC. Accordingly, the sponsor, who was paying for the time, the talent, and the production, was told in 1954 that NBC could no longer accommodate the show in the Monday evening slot to which its established minority audience had long been accustomed. The network, he was told, was losing about a million dollars a year from the program's comparatively low rating and had to "maintain a competitive position in the fight for circulation." ABC, then a struggling network trying to catch up, considered Monday a "throwaway" day, and gladly signed the Firestone show for its accustomed hour. But four years later, ABC was prospering enough to compete with the other networks on Monday evening and with "audience flow" in mind, contrived to rout Firestone's music hour once more—and this time the music never came back on.

He Who Pays the Piper

Worse than the outright extinction of shows is the insidious effect of ratings on programs that survive. It is strange indeed for broadcasting officials to raise the fear of government censorship when they permit private business to exercise a steady and unremitting censorship of its own. At last summer's hearings held by the FCC, Dan Seymour, vice-president of J. Walter Thompson, was explicit on this point: ". . . we will object to controversial matter in dramatic shows from time to time on the basis that our clients are investing millions and millions of dollars in the TV medium. They are doing this to create good will and where we find there is the possibility that ill-will will be reflected on the sponsor . . . by and large we have been able to delete the controversial line."

A few examples suggest the level of taste and imagination sometimes involved in such deletions. One executive of an ad agency handling a major cigarette manufacturer previewed a pilot show on the Hungarian revolt and recommended: ". . . this is our feeling. Don't have too many Russian officers smoking cigarettes." Another agency, handling a filter cigarette, demanded that villains be shown smoking only non-filters. And still another on reading a script based on the Emmett Till lynching in Mississippi insisted that the scene be shifted to New England, that all mention of Coca-Cola (a "Southern drink") be eliminated, and that ringing Yankee "g's" be restored to the dialogue.

Even the Dead Sea Scrolls came in for tampering. When nervous executives realized that the cast of characters in a dramatic show about their discovery was almost exclusively Jewish, they arranged to cast an actress identified with Irish roles as the Jewish mother and a Scandinavian boy as the Jewish son.

When the Associated Gas & Electric sponsored a stirring CBS production of the Nuremberg trials a year ago, nobody foresaw any hitches. But an alert ad-agency man, following the script at the control panel, noted the upcoming words "gas chambers," quickly cut the sound, and treated TV viewers across the country to a split second of mysterious silence. "Even though it was a different kind of gas," said Nicholas E. Keesley, president of the agency involved, "it would have been stupid for us to have let that mention stay in the program." On the same level was the Ford man who ordered a shot of the New York skyline eliminated because it gave prominence to the Chrysler Building.

If there is any doubt about the reasons behind such pressures or about what television can mean to a sponsor, a few examples of TV's advertising potency should dispel it. Among several cases cited in *Television and Radio*, a standard textbook on the subject by Chester and Garrison, is that of Saran Wrap, a long-neglected product that the Dow Chemical Company started to promote on network television in November, 1953. By October of the following year, sales had jumped from twenty thousand cases to six hundred thousand. Another instance was the boom enjoyed by the Hazel Bishop lipstick manufacturers once they took to the air waves with a drippy show called "This Is Your Life." From a gross annual take of $50,000 in 1950, sales rose to $4.5 million in 1952, to $10 million a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year later, and to $12 million in 1954, by which time the company was spending $6 million a year on television advertising and doing twenty-five per cent of the nation's lipstick business.

The war that followed between Hazel Bishop and Revlon was one of the more sordid classics of advertising history. When Hazel Bishop's contract for "This Is Your Life" expired in 1955, Raymond Spector, who handled its advertising, hit upon the new "$64,000 Question" as a likely successor. In the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere then prevailing in the cosmetics trade Charles Revson and his colleagues contrived to seize "Question" for Revlon before Spector could close a deal. In three years that show boosted Revlon's cosmetic sales from a sizable volume of $33 million in 1954 when the "Question" went on the air to $110 million and some forty per cent of the entire market by the end of 1958. Hazel Bishop lost most of the gains it had made, and Coty, an innocent bystander, was forced into the red.

Testimony at Congressional hearings on the quiz shows made it plain that their corruption flowed from the single-minded attempt to stimulate ratings. To do that they had to have "attractive personalities," and, having obtained them, they had to be very sure of keeping them week after week, building up personality, audience, and suspense all at the same time. Regular rating services were too slow to satisfy Revlon executives on how well the stimulation was working. According to the testimony of George Abrahams, then Revlon's top advertising man, the company also "purchased overnight telephone-survey reports, which were charted on a regular basis, along with the names of contestants appearing coincident with the recorded ratings."

As the ratings fluctuated, so did the feeding of questions to the star player. As the stakes increased, he had to be given questions in rehearsal that by the merest chance turned up on the program. And finally, without a qualm, he was given questions and answers ahead of time, rehearsed in his answers, and trained down to the last gesture of agonized thought. "The tacit assumption of all concerned in this process," according to a report prepared by Attorney General William P. Rogers, "was the direct connection between a highly rated program and increased product sales."

Passing the Buck

The history of television is the history of a responsibility that never came to rest. The law appeared to distribute it in unequal measure between the FCC and the station owners. But neither has proved capable of dealing with the unforeseen economic pressures generated by the industry's dizzy growth. The individual stations were committed, by the terms of their license, to serve the public interest, but in order to survive, as we have shown, they soon surrendered the best of their time to the networks. And along with the buck on programming, they passed the financial squeeze.

For the network that squeeze comes, quite simply, from the cost of producing entertainment and the advertiser's judgment of what a program is worth in selling his wares. Nothing much can be done about "below-the-line" costs—studio, stage, sets, equipment, crew, and the like—which are fixed, but the price of talent can vary from the low-cost quiz show to the "spectacular." Last season's most ambitious venture, the Ford series of thirty-nine spectaculars running ninety minutes each, cost $15 million. Ingrid Bergman's services in just one of these shows, *The Turn of the Screw*, cost $100,000 plus European rights. But it is worth noting that Miss Bergman's price would have been modest for a Hollywood movie, which is a comparatively stable commodity compared with a one-shot performance on television. The networks constantly face the fact that, with Hollywood paying $500,000 or even $1 million for a dramatic lead and Las Vegas paying comedians $25,000 a week, prominent stars are going to exact the maximum that televison can afford to pay.

At the same time, with sponsors demanding high ratings, and ratings supposedly demanding stars, the squeeze continues with mounting pressure. "In the case of broadcast operations there is an exceedingly slender margin between satisfactory profit and devastating loss," CBS President Frank Stanton told a Congressional committee in 1956. "The balance between profit and loss in the case of networks is so delicate that the failure to sell one hour between 7:30 and 10:30 each night for a year. . . . would, in 1955 have turned the CBS Television Network's profit into a loss." Last year Stanton testified at FCC hearings that failure to sell a single half hour a week had cost the network close to $3 million —$1.3 million in time revenue and $1.6 million to fill the gap with sustaining programs.

Sheep and Golden Geese

According to Stanton's testimony in 1956, "Anything that is done that puts an inordinate burden on the advertiser could kill the goose that lays the golden egg." Given this dependence on the advertising sponsor, the next question, obviously, is how far the network can afford to insist on program control in spite of Stanton's statement that "We and we alone will decide not only what is to appear on the CBS Television Network, but how it is to appear." The simple fact is that if an advertiser does not care for the particular shows offered by a network, he can buy one from an independent packager or even have one produced, and then simply buy the network's time, although the networks are showing increasing resistance to this practice. If neither CBS nor NBC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cares to run the show he wants to put on, he can go to ABC, which has made it clear that it is out for ratings rather than the compliments of television critics. And what if a show rejected by CBS should turn out on another network to have the drawing power of the "$64,000 Question"—capable of killing off competing shows not only in the same time period but in the half-hour slots preceding and following?

The rewards and costs of TV advertising being what they are, it is inevitable that the sponsor will want a considerable say in the use of the time, talent, and production for which he has paid. The motive is plain enough, but its translation via the ad agencies into everyday practice is a highly complex affair. This much was learned at hearings in New York last June, when "after twenty-five years," as *Broadcasting* magazine acidly commented, the FCC "finally got around to trying to find out what an advertising agency has to do with programming."

ROBERT L. FOREMAN, executive vice-president of B.B.D.O., has said: "I think this is the only advertising medium today in which the advertiser has any say over the editorial content." He was right, of course. Advertising agencies have not dared to poach on the editorial preserves of newspapers and magazines to anything like the same extent. The admitted seduction of TV should give pause to those who have taken at face value the broadcasting industry's plea to be allowed to stand equally with the press under the protection of the First Amendment. The fact is that the tussle between the network and the sponsor (together with his ad agency) for the final say-so on programming has for years been a standard feature of the industry's family life. The one commands the dollars, the other the time on the air, and the balance of power has oscillated between them roughly according to the laws of supply and demand. Put more brutally in the words of no less a person than Robert S. Kintner, president of NBC: "The ultimate responsibility is ours, but the ultimate power has to be the sponsor's because without him you couldn't afford to run a network."

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Hopes and Fears Of an Atomic Test Ban

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

WASHINGTON

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, March 22, five men sat around a table in one of the State Deparment's fifth-floor conference rooms. They made up what has been tabbed the Committee of Principals—the men in the Eisenhower administration principally concerned with policy on the nuclear test-ban treaty negotiations. This group, or its predecessors, has

met from time to time ever since the Geneva negotiations with the Russians and the British began on October 31, 1958.

The five were Secretary of State Christian A. Herter (succeeding to John Foster Dulles's seat), Deputy Defense Secretary James H. Douglas (sitting in for Secretary Thomas S. Gates, Jr., who was in Europe and who had succeeded to the seat of Neil McElroy), Central Intelligence Agency Chief Allen W. Dulles, the President's science adviser, George B. Kistiakowsky (who had succeeded to the seat of James R. Killian), and Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John A. McCone.

On that Tuesday afternoon they talked for two and a half hours about the latest Soviet proposal, put on the Geneva conference table three days earlier, which had raised worldwide hopes that the three major nuclear powers might at long last reach agreement. The public did not then know, as the men around the table did, that British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan had become so alarmed by reports of an American rejection of the Soviet proposal that he was arranging to fly to Washington four days later for what turned out to be the Camp David talks.

MACMILLAN had reason to worry. McCone already had been passing the word to influential members on the Congressional Joint Atomic Energy Committee that the Soviets had not really altered their position in the seventeen months of talks, that only the United States was making concessions. The same afternoon of the meeting at State, the chairman of the Joint Committee, Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, put out a statement saying the new Soviet proffer "has the appearance of a phony" and that the United States was being asked "to buy a pig in a poke." The second-ranking Democratic House member, Chet Holifield of California, also had taken a dim view of the Russian proposal and said so publicly.

The Eisenhower administration was in the midst of yet another

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

internal crisis over its policy on a test-ban treaty. This time it was more serious than ever, for the simple reason that a treaty was now at least in sight. Some seventeen articles of the draft treaty actually had been agreed on by the three powers, and the remaining differences had been reduced to negotiable proportions.

At the Tuesday meeting McCone led off with a call for rejection of the Soviet proposal. The Russians had said, for the first time, that they would agree with the western proposals to sign a treaty banning tests in the atmosphere, the oceans, and outer space, plus all underground tests which would produce a seismic oscillation of magnitude 4.75 conventional units (the equivalent of a 19-kiloton explosion, about the size of the Hiroshima bomb); that they would join in the western proposal for Soviet-U.S.-British joint research work to improve detection techniques for the so-called smaller tests underground (those below the 19-kiloton threshold figure), provided that during the research period the United States and Britain would agree to continue the current test moratorium.

It was, of course, this last proviso that caused all the ruckus. A couple of days later the Russians explained that this extension of the moratorium might last four or five years; and even then, if there were no agreement on how to incorporate the results of the joint research into the detection system, the whole issue would have to be fought out anew. Furthermore, the Soviets said the moratorium on the below-threshold explosions would have to be part of the treaty itself, a treaty subject to ratification by the U.S. Senate with a two-thirds favorable vote.

An Unnecessary Journey

McCone argued, as he was later to say in a speech, that any test suspension "must be accompanied by a control arrangement which would assure us that this type of testing has been stopped by all parties." Quite clearly, he argued, with nothing more than the Soviets' word to assure that they were not testing underground, there would be no such assurances to the West. Ergo, the Soviet offer was in effect a fraud and should be rejected as such.

But then a strange thing happened. Douglas, only recently promoted from the Air Force secretaryship to the Pentagon's second command post of Deputy Secretary, argued strongly against McCone. Douglas said that an agreement that would open up the Soviet Union by the stationing of international (including American and British) inspectors inside Russia would be more valuable to the United States than the gains that could accrue to this country militarily from further nuclear testing of weapons and weapon refinements. Douglas argued that the Soviet

Union's great strategic assets are its secrecy and its insularity; hence anything that helps to dissolve these assets would be a gain to the West.

Douglas was well aware, of course, of the strong pressures from the military services for continued testing. In fact he had said only two days earlier in a television interview that the military wanted more tests in order to produce both lighter and "cleaner" (fallout-free) weapons. But he added that there is "no end to the technological improvement that you can explore" through continued testing, and that right now the American nuclear stockpile is in "pretty good shape."

There had been signs before that Tuesday meeting of a change in top-level Pentagon thinking, particularly among the civilians. Secretary Gates, in earlier meetings of the Committee of Principals, had begun to talk the same way but not nearly so eloquently. Douglas, indeed, clearly outshone Herter, the chairman of the group, that day as they discussed the Soviet proposal. So too did Kistiakowsky, who strongly seconded the Douglas argument. At least that was the impression of a number of the staff people from the various departments who sat silent behind their chiefs.

Allen Dulles, who tries at these meetings to hold to the role of intelligence estimator, reiterated the thesis that the United States currently is sufficiently ahead of Russia on nuclear weaponry to make a freeze an advantage to this country.

A second meeting of the group the next day settled administration policy, with Herter, Douglas, Dulles, and Kistiakowsky all favorable to a conditional reply to the Soviets and only McCone against. Herter carried the word to the President, who gave it his blessing. All this was done before Macmillan reached Washington, much less Camp David.

At Camp David the two heads of government issued a communiqué saying that they had agreed that once remaining issues had been resolved and a treaty signed, "they will be ready to institute a voluntary moratorium of agreed duration on nuclear weapons tests below that threshold [4.75 on the seismic instruments], to be accomplished by unilateral declaration of each of the three powers."

The reasons for unilateral declarations were two: to avoid writing into a treaty, subject to a Senate vote, a moratorium on smaller tests dependent on nothing more than the word of the Soviet Union; and to avoid the Constitutional issue of the President's inability to commit his successor beyond the day he leaves office, next January 20. This latter problem was somewhat eased later by statements of most of the Democratic Presidential aspirants that they would look favorably on continuing any moratorium Eisenhower might agree to. Vice-President Nixon had been a Camp David participant, so he too was committed to at least the same degree.

The communiqué in fact was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drafted in Washington before the Camp David talks, largely by State with a few changes made at British suggestion. The truth of the matter is that Macmillan's trip was unnecessary; the issue had been resolved here before he arrived. But the stir and the world-wide headlines it created were indicative of the terrible problem this administration has faced with almost every move in the long test-ban controversy.

No further back than April 27, 1957, Secretary Dulles in a reply to a Japanese Diet resolution calling for a test ban had told the Japanese: "In the absence of an effective agreement regarding the control and disposition of fissionable materials, the United States is obliged, in the interests of free world security, to use portions of its fissionable material to develop and refine its nuclear weapons as the chief deterrent to aggression and war."

At the general disarmament negotiations in London in 1957 the United States had presented a package plan. One provision called for limitation and later a ban on nuclear tests, but even this was conditional on agreement to many other disarmament steps, including the important one cited to the Japanese by Dulles. The Russians, however, would not be swayed from what had begun as a "ban the bomb" campaign in the mid-1950's. They demanded that the testing issue be separated from other arms control measures. This the United States, strongly resisted, although at one time Harold Stassen, then the President's disarmament adviser, leaned toward the idea of a test ban alone. Stassen correctly saw that the three nuclear powers—the French were then still three years away from their first test—shared a common interest in preventing other nations from going into the nuclear-weapons business and that a test ban might well bring enough world pressure to do just that. That, of course, is still one of the chief aims of the United States and Britain and presumably of the Soviet Union as well.

Untying the Package

What brought the United States around to separating the test-ban issue from other arms-control measures was the Soviet announcement on March 31, 1958, that it was suspending its tests. The State Department immediately greeted the announcement with some harsh words: it noted that the suspension came at the conclusion of "an intense series of secret Soviet tests," and it said the West could not rely "on a Soviet statement of intentions for which there is no system of verification, which can be evaded in secrecy and altered at will."

Nonetheless, the Soviet move put a new pressure on the United States, one that Secretary Dulles found irresistible. Admiral Lewis Strauss, then the embattled chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and long a public foe of a test ban,

fought tooth and nail against any counterproposal from the United States.

In this he was backed by Donald Quarles, then Deputy Defense Secretary, to whom Secretary McElroy deferred on this issue. Quarles agreed with Strauss, arguing that further testing was essential for weapons development and that a test ban, should it last two years or more, would result in a breakup of the American nuclear scientific community gathered together by the government. With no tests to check their work, scientists would drift away to private industry, he argued.

But Secretary Dulles was the strong man on this issue. He sat down in August, 1958, and wrote out a statement for the President proposing a year's test suspension, tied only vaguely to "satisfactory progress" on disarmament measures. This was the beginning of the end of the package as American policy.

By the time Secretary Dulles wrote the Eisenhower proposal, McCone had succeeded Strauss. He too fought it but to no avail. What made the proposal possible was the agreement, announced the day before, of the Soviet-American-British experts at Geneva on a scheme for an international detection and control system. Few here had thought the Soviets would ever agree, but they did. Dulles saw this as assuring a real control system and he recommended that the President act on it. Eisenhower did.

But that was not the end of the matter. It turned out that the Geneva experts had had few technical data on underground testing on which to base their system, chiefly from the single Ranier test in Nevada some months earlier. Nevertheless, on this basis they constructed a system they said would be adequate to check suspected explosions down to 1 to 5 kilotons. They called for 160 to 170 detection-control stations around the world, some on ships, with a start to be made in the territory of the three nuclear powers—thus avoiding the touchy issue of China for the time being.

STRAUSS's chief ally in opposing a test ban was physicist Edward Teller, so-called father of the H-bomb. He took the position that disarmament in any form was a lost cause, and he fought against any limitations on testing. If he and Strauss had been cleverer, they would have agreed to a ban on above-ground tests, thus meeting the fall-out health issue and relieving the pressure on Secretary Dulles from the British as well as from the Japanese, the Indians, and others. But they were stubborn. And so when Dulles, acting on the experts' report, suggested a year's suspension of testing, he included all testing. Ever since then, the United States

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been trying to find some way to wriggle out of this agreement.

The reason for the wriggling was this: In the fall of 1958 the United States conducted its latest round of nuclear tests in Nevada, including some underground shots. Teller was in charge of these latter shots, and from them he came up with data to prove the earlier Ranier data erroneous: that the proposed detection system was inadequate, that the Soviets could cheat on such a system because it was easier than the experts had thought to hide deep underground tests. He had wide scientific agreement, including most importantly the opinion of Hans Bethe, a nuclear physicist of equal rank. It was on the basis of this new evidence that the President altered his total test-ban offer to suggest that unless the Soviets would agree to a detection system improved beyond that recommended by the experts, it would be better first to ban aboveground tests alone. But the Soviets would never let the United States off the hook.

New Advice

Bethe has played a key role in the whole internal administration controversy. Before the Eisenhower ban proposal of August, 1958, the President had become so tired of hearing the arguments over possible Soviet cheating that he had asked his scientific adviser, then James R. Killian, to get him a definitive answer. Killian had been appointed in the wake of the first Soviet Sputnik, and for the first time there was in the White House an alternative to Strauss as the source of scientific advice.

Killian named Bethe to head a special panel. The panel concluded that a test ban was a reasonable risk, and Bethe testified before Senator Hubert Humphrey's disarmament subcommittee that he favored a test ban not tied to any other arms-control measure. He also said that to stop tests would be to America's advantage because of this nation's technical lead in nuclear weaponry. The same day he testified—some two weeks after the Soviet test suspension—Strauss also testified. He said that to stop tests would be "a tragic mistake" which would leave the United States with "obsolete and obsolescent weapons systems" and which undoubtedly would "freeze our defensive research."

But the President accepted the Killian-Bethe report, which Dulles also found reassuring. Strauss's monopoly at the White House had been broken. Teller has kept on fighting the test ban ever since, but his battle has become a rear-guard action; the administration has gone too far to retreat. Bethe, too, has kept at it from the other side, working now with Kistiakowsky, Killian's

successor, and thus isolating McCone as Strauss was isolated within the administration.

Once the President did offer the test suspension, which took effect when the current Geneva test-ban treaty talks began October 31, 1958, administration officials had to hew to the line. The opposition in both the AEC and the Pentagon kept saying, however, that the ban depended on adequate inspection and control which the Soviets would never accept.

With the death of Quarles the Pentagon opposition began to soften. Gates succeeded Quarles, and after Herter succeeded Dulles, Gates and Herter saw more eye to eye. The high point came in the Committee of Principals meeting on March 22, when Douglas presented the Pentagon's view in Gates's absence.

Herter is far from the dominant administration figure that Dulles was, but in the internal quarrels he has generally favored banning tests. He is convinced that a ban is worthwhile because such an agreement does not involve a fundamental national security risk (as would be the case with dismantling missiles or nuclear weapons themselves). He also accepts the Stassen thesis that there is a common U.S.-British-Soviet interest in trying to limit the membership of the nuclear club. He knows that Communist China must eventually be brought into any test-ban agreement, and he is not unaware that to do so will require a change in American attitudes toward the Peking government. But that headache will face the next administration, not this one.

SECRETARY DULLES once said he felt there was perhaps a ten per cent chance of agreement on a ban. If so, he said, he was prepared to go through with it. Perhaps the chances are now higher than ten per cent—some in Washington now think they are better than fifty-fifty—but there are bound to be many more difficulties before the signatures are affixed to a treaty.

President Eisenhower has said that some of the remaining unsettled treaty points might be resolved at the summit conference, opening in Paris on May 16. From all appearances, this is the Soviet aim as part of Nikita Khrushchev's top-level diplomacy combined with propaganda. Herter lately has been hinting to the Soviets that they can hardly expect progress on a test ban at the summit if they are going to create a new crisis there over Berlin. This tactic is itself a measure of the belief here that Khrushchev really wants a test ban and is prepared to agree to an adequate inspection and control system.

As to the issue of Senate ratification of such a treaty, a number of important senators have been quite leery. But as one of them recently put it, once the President puts the weight of his office behind a treaty, not to mention the world-wide pressures it will generate, to vote against it would be "like voting for cancer."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

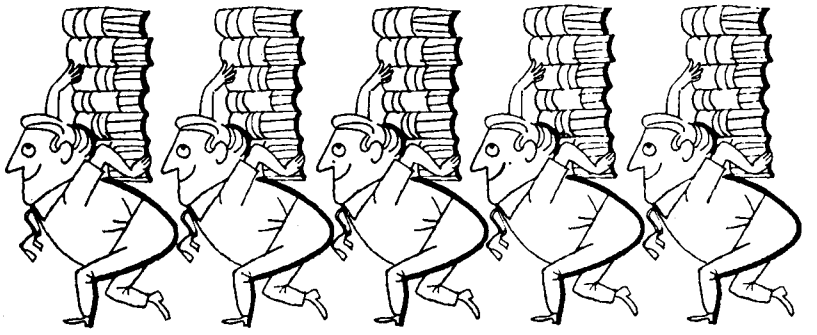
SAVE! SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!

MARBORO

CLEANS HOUSE WITH A GIANT

SPRING CLEARANCE

SALE



PRICES SLASHED ON BOOKS & PRINTS

SAVE UP TO 83%

—BUT HURRY!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. R-596, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* Minimum purchase $3.00.

☐ Charge my Diners' Club account # _____ } Limited to orders

☐ Charge my American Express account # _____ } of $5.00 or more.

1372 1493 1627 1839 1894 1929 1933 2124 2126 2139 2142 2147 2177 2352
2354 2494 2537 2717 2718 2720 2746 2774 2783 2801 2805 2806 2809 2810
2818 2819 2820 2821 2822 2823 2828 2870 2906 2959 2961 2979 2980 2988
2989 3003 3004 3008 3015 5263 6250 6277 6293 6549 6619 6620 7365 7412
7580 9051 9192 9856 9978
P633 P659 P664 P702

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

2822. Mexico in Pictures: SYMPHONIE MEXICAINE. Text, in French, by Jean Descola; photos by Gabrielle Martin. An eye-filling tour of the monumental sights of the Mexican landscape and the fascinating daily lives of the natives. Photogravure, with 7 color plates. 8" x 10½". *Special* **1.98**

6549. AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA. By Ralph Ginzburg. Intro. by Theodor Reik. Preface by George Jean Nathan. A forthright, lucid discussion of the 2000 hard-core titles of classical English erotica kept in Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves of the world's libraries; features a synopsis and passages from *Fanny Hill*, selections from the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, descriptions of great erotica collections, and much more of interest to bibliophiles. *Special* **2.98**

1627. RASPUTIN AND THE FALL OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA. By Heinz Liepman. Based on newly discovered material, here is a full account of the career of the "Mad Monk," including his bizarre murder, many new facts about Rasputin and the causes of the Russian Revolution are brought to light. Illus. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.9**

2980. TORTURE of the Christian Martyrs. A modern translation-adaptation of the *De SS. Martyrum Cruciatibus* of the Rev. Father Antonio Gallonio, first published in Rome in 1591. This collection of the horrors of man's inhumanity was enormously popular in 17th century Europe, partly for its magnificent engravings, reproduced here with utmost fidelity. Softbound. **1.9**

2805. STEINBERG. A book of drawings by Saul Steinberg showing the wide range of creativity he can manage to display by exploring the possibilities of the line. 4¾" x 7½". Imported. *Special* **1.0**

1493. A PAGEANT OF HATS: Ancient and Modern. By Ruth Edwards Kilgour. The strange and romantic story of traditional hats in scores of countries throughout the world, authentically and fascinatingly told and with the symbolism of the colors, shapes and adornments of the various hats fully explained. More than 150 superb photographs illustrate all the hats described in this intriguing book. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **2.9**

2961. LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. By D. H. Lawrence. The original, unexpurgated edition that recently made publishing history; the complete, authorized Lawrence text, plus an Introduction by Mark Schorer and a Preface by Archibald MacLeish. Hardbound. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.00**

2820. Peru in Pictures: CREPUSCLE INKA. A fascinating photogravure journey into the Andean countryside that was once the home of the Incas. French text. 8" x 10½". 6 plates in color. *Special* **1.0**

7365. THE PRAEGER PICTURE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART. A new and exciting reference work; a complete, comprehensive, one-volume, pictorial encyclopedia; a really handsome book, manufactured according to the highest production standards, containing everything you need to know about all the visual arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, graphic art, furniture, ceramics, jewelry, etc. This book provides a complete survey of art by periods; studies of the interplay of artistic and social, cultural and historical forces; authoritative articles on specific subjects; bibliographical and critical material; a comprehensive index of more than 5,000 names and technical terms. *Approximately 600 pages, 200 full-page, full-color plates, 400 black-and-white illustrations. Pub. $17.50.* *Only* **9.9**

2537. 100 STUDIES OF THE FIGURE. By John Rawlings. A strikingly beautiful series of photographs of the nude taken of a single model. The enormous variety of posed and candid shots and the expert composition are a tribute to the art and genius of the master photographer. Technical notes included. Deluxe 9 x 12 format. *Pub. at $5.50.* *Only* **2.4**

2806. PERU. A book of 52 photos of masterpieces of Pre-Columbian Indian art and artifacts. German text. 4¾" x 7½". Imported. *Special* **1.0**

6620. THE COMMON SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Bell Irvin Wiley. Two popular books in one volume: *The Life of Billy Yank* and *The Life of Johnny Reb*, showing the life of the man on each front, taken from first hand accounts. 64 pages of old engravings and photos. Over 500 pp. *Slightly hurt. Orig. pub. at $12.00.* *Reprint edition* **2.7**

P-633. PICASSO: WHITE CLOWN. Silk screened in full color with details finished by hand, on an elegant, textured cocoa brown stock. 25½" high x 20" wide. *Special* **1.98**

2139. THE COLLEGE YEARS. Ed. by A. C. Spectorsky. A big 512-page, 7" x 10" volume that wonderfully captures the full essence of "the college years" in prose, poetry, drawings and photos; a lively, exciting collection showing college life from the 13th century to the present—authors range from Chaucer to Max Shulman and illustrators include—Winslow Homer and John Held, Jr. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.9**

2801. MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Beaumont & Nancy Newhall. An impressive and superbly beautiful 10" x 11½" volume that presents the best works of the foremost masters of the camera, among them Ansel Adams, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, Edward Steichen, Alfred Steiglitz ad Edward Weston, and through them traces the development of photography as a creative medium. More than 150 superb reproductions; critical analyses; biographies; detailed bibliographies. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2494. SPLENDID OCCASIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY 1520-1947. By Han Kyrle Fletcher. A glittering dozen of the great occasions out of England's golden past, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold to the wedding of Elizabeth and Philip, including the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, the funerals of Nelson and Wellington and the opening of the Great Exhibition and the Crystal Palace. A big 10¾" x 14½" album-shaped volume, magnificently illustrated with 66 monochrome pictures and 12 plates in full color. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P-664. PICASSO: *BOY IN HARLEQUIN JACKET.* A tall, thin, wistful looking figure, deep-eyed and brown-haired, stands in profile in a salmon colored outfit with white frills at collar and cuffs, against a warm gray background. Silk screen. 35" high x 23" wide. *Special* **2.98**

3004. INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY YEARBOOK 1959. Ed. by Norman Hall & Basil Burton. Here is an international exhibition in permanent form of masterpieces of photography from all over the world, with special features on 9 leading photographers. Nearly 200 superbly reproduced photos. 8" x 10¾". *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2870. THE RISE OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Douglas G. Browne. A full account of the history of one of the most famous police forces in the world, explaining its many unique features and its relation to other social and political forces in England over the past 120 years. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2988. MATISSE—PICASSO: Two Great Masters of Contemporary Painting. Here are two magnificent volumes in one; a critical survey of Matisse's work by Jean Cassou and one of Picasso's work by Jaime Sabartes. This handsome 8½" x 11" book contains 48 plates in full color and 22 drawings, covering the whole careers of both masters. Imported. *Special* **2.98**

3008. WOMEN IN ANTIQUITY. By Charles Seltman. A provocative, entertaining and informative book about the lives, loves, marriages and other activities of girls and women from palaeolithic times to the Roman Empire. Over 60 illustrations. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

1372. ROMANCE OF THE PATCHWORK QUILT IN AMERICA. By Carrie A. Hall and Rose G. Kretsinger. Complete history of American quilt working containing thousands of designs, how their names originated, patterns and instructions. 175 photographs and drawings. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2783. THE GINGER MAN. By J. P. Donleavy. Brilliant story of a completely amoral man who lived by drinking, cheating and the seduction of women, which shocked the literary worlds of London and New York. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

2142. THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES. Ed. by Helen Comstock. Here is the full story of American antiques, presented for the first time in this magnificently produced two-volume boxed set. More than fifty of the greatest authorities on American antiques have contributed articles; Miss Comstock is editor of two magazines in the field, *Antiques* and *The Connoisseur.* With 1,000 photos and over 500 pages of text, this enormous work is the standard reference book on the subject. 7¼" x 9¾". *Pub. at $25.00.*
Two vol. boxed set, only **9.95**

2352. THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF PARIS AND THE PARISIANS. Ed. by Robert Laffont. A superb tribute to the world's most beautiful city and its colorful inhabitants—over 900 pictures, many in full color, including paintings, drawings, photos, prints and maps, point up the beauty and gaiety of this most loved, most visited, most remembered city. 9½" x 12". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**

2818. Japan in Pictures: JAPON IMMORTEL. A picturesque photogravure journey through the exotic hub of the Orient, with intimate glimpses of her people and splendid pictures of her sights and splendors. French text. 8" x 10½". 6 plates in color. *Special* **1.00**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

9856. WATERCOLOR: A Truly English Art. By Percy V. Bradshaw. A analysis of the technique of over 100 watercolorists of the past and present, giving invaluable information as to the production of their work. With 16 color plates and over 100 monochromes. 9" x 11½". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1929. THE BATHTUB HOAX and Other Blasts and Bravos from the Chicago Tribune. By H. L. Mencken. Pure Mencken of fine vintage; his *Chicago Tribune* columns in book form for the first time, with introduction and notes by Robert S. McHugh. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

2809. POPE JOHN XXIII: A Life of the New Pope. By Andrea Lazzarini. A complete and fully approved biography of Pope John, tracing the main events in his life to his election as Pope. Illus. *Pub. at $3.25.* *Only* **1.00**

6293. Sartre—BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th Century. Over 700 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2720. THE KEYS OF ST. PETER. By Roger Peyrefitte. This devastatingly witty novel, a phenomenal bestseller in Europe, has been called one of the funniest and one of the most damnable books of recent years. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

2819. The Jungle in Pictures: INDIENS D'AMAZONIE. A photogravure trip through the mysterious Amazon jungle, with intimate glimpses of the daily life of the primitive Indians there. French text. 8" x 10½". 6 plates in color. *Special* **1.00**

P-702. PRE-COLUMBIAN BUST: MAYA MAIZE GOD. This statue that once decorated the exterior wall of the 8th century Temple of the Sculptured Doorway at Copan, Honduras, has been hailed as the crown jewel of medieval American sculpture. Silk screened in a stone-colored brown on exquisitely textured, hand made Japanese rice paper. 36" high x 24" wide. *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **4.95**

9978. THE GIRDLE OF CHASTITY: A Medico-Historical Study. By Eric John Dingwall. A fascinating, scholarly and scientific history of one of the strangest, cruellest and most humiliating devices fashioned by man, and perhaps the most foolish—the chastity belt; how jealous men held their wives and daughters in cruel subjugation; how women gained their freedom; surprisingly recent and widespread use of chastity belts; a survey of poems, stories and books in which they are mentioned. Photos and drawings. Softbound. *Special* **1.98**

2354. Edmund Wilson—THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE: A Documentary of the Jazz Age, the Great Depression and the New Deal. A vivid, personal account of the social and political scene in America in the Twenties and Thirties. 640 pp. Hardbound. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.49**

5263. MAN INTO WOLF. By Robert Eisler. A classic study of sadism, masochism and lycanthropy in the light of Jungian psychology, revealing man's prehistory in his legends, myths and rites and in werewolves, Bacchantes and such macabre personalities as De Sade and Jack the Ripper. *Special* **2.98**

2906. SEX VARIANT WOMEN IN LITERATURE: A Historical and Quantitative Study. By Jeannette H. Foster, Ph.D. A revealing, scholarly, fascinating and impressive study, ranging from Sappho to the sex deviate as she appears in literature today. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6619. BOOK OF THE SEA. By A. C. Spectorsky. A collection of writings and unusual photos of the sea; selections by Thoreau, Kipling, Steinbeck, Cozzens, Rachel Carson, etc. 7" x 9½". 512 pp. *Slightly hurt. Orig. pub. at $12.50.*
Reprint edition **2.98**

2821. The Far East in Pictures: LE CHEMIN DE L'EXTREME-ORIENT. Text & photos by Paul Mousset. Dozens of fascinating photos that peer behind the inscrutable mask of the Orient and show us glimpses of daily life from Suez to Tokyo. Printed in gravure. 6 plates in color. 8" x 10½". French text. *Special* **1.98**

1839. CHILD PHOTOGRAPHY MADE EASY: A New Approach for Parents. By Josef A. Schneider. A book that reveals all the elements of psychology and camera technique that help amateurs make engaging and heart-warming pictures of children—color and black-and-white, movies and stills. Fully illustrated. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

2717. A THORNTON WILDER TRIO. Three great novels, complete: *The Bridge of San Luis Rey, The Cabala* and *The Woman of Andros;* with an Introduction by Malcolm Cowley. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1933. Albert Camus: EXILE AND THE KINGDOM. A brilliant work of fiction by the Nobel Prize author, a book of extraordinary intensity that concerns various aspects of man's spiritual exile. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2979. La Ronde: HANDS AROUND. By Arthur Schnitzler. The famous roundelay telling with world-weary European wit and charm how love makes the world go 'round. Drawings by Rene Gockinga. Softbound. **1.00**

6250. PRAGUE IN PHOTOGRAPHS. 208 full-page photographs of the architectural treasures of ancient Prague, reproduced in gravure to show every detail of the noble synthesis of Medieval and Baroque which gives the architecture of Prague its unique quality. Text in English, French, German and Czech. Boxed. 10" x 13½". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3015. GALA PERFORMANCE. Ed. by Arnold Haskell. Foreword by H.R.H. Princess Margaret. A record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet over 25 years, published in a handsome volume to celebrate that silver anniversary. Many articles by experts in various fields of the ballet and 177 pages of magnificent photos by leading ballet photographers. 7 plates in color. A statistical record of all Sadler's Wells first nights. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00* *Only* **4.95**

2989. JAMES JOYCE LETTERS. Ed. by Stuart Gilbert. The genius of a many-sided personality revealed in more than 400 of his letters; much light is thrown on Joyce's literary aims and on his day-to-day progress with *Ulysses, Finnegan's Wake,* etc. Illus. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **3.95**

2746. EFFECTIVE SPEAKING AND WRITING IN BUSINESS: Better Business Communication. By Dennis Murphy. Practical easy-to-follow guide that shows you how to observe more accurately, talk more clearly, listen more carefully, write more simply, and read more thoughtfully. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.00**

2828. NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. By Ralph Dutton. A leisurely, informed and highly readable guide to the colorful things Baedeker leaves out, with over 100 photos, sketch maps and color paintings that do full justice to the landscape, buildings and life of the region. *Special* **1.98**

3003. PHOTOGRAPHY TODAY. A lively, well balanced collection of 100 photos gathered from the work of many of the greatest names in photography today, Henle, Doisneau, Bischof and others, with notes by the photographers. A book for everyone who loves good pictures and especially for those who collect them. 8" x 10¼". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

2147. THE SENSUALISTS. By Ben Hecht. An engrossing novel about a strange love-triangle and what the author calls, "our Renaissance of sex peculiarities and erotic phantasy." Hardbound. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

7412. HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S ART. By Hermann Leicht. A profusely illustrated account of the evolution of artistic expression from prehistoric times to the present—African, Near Eastern, Oriental, Pre-Columbian and Oceanic as well as the familiar art of the Western world. 5 full-color plates, 301 half-tones, 186 line drawings. 7¼" x 9½". *Pub at $7.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2810. HOW TO BE AN ALIEN. By George Mikes. Pictures by Nicolas Bentley. A book for those who see the funny side of life, and a help for those who don't. Enormously successful in England. *Special* **1.00**

1894. THE LIVELIEST ART: A Panoramic History of the Movies. By Arthur Knight. A sweeping and spirited account of the development of the art of motion pictures from nickelodeon to wide screen, filled with details about all the notable films, screen personalities and creative artists of a colorful art form. Illus. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

9051. U.S. CAMERA 1958. Ed. by Tom Maloney. More than 200 of the best photos of the year by top camera artists, with *12 pages in full color.* Special features on the Keystone Comedies, rockets and missiles, the Hungarian revolt, the N.Y. Port Authority and various world famous photographers. A magnificent 8½" x 11¼" volume. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

2177. Peter Arno's HELL OF A WAY TO RUN A RAILROAD. The funniest, sharpest, prettiest, nakedest and most classic collection of cartoons Peter Arno ever assembled. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.49**

2959. BYZANTIUM: Its Triumphs and Tragedy. By Rene Geurdan. The lively story of the fabulous Roman Empire of the East and its exotic capital city, known to us as Constantinople. A witty, absorbing account filled with colorful details and fantastic facts. Profusely illustrated. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

9192. THE MARQUIS DE SADE. By C. R. Dawes. Selections in English from dramatic works, *Aline et Valcour, La Philosophie dans le Boudoir, Justine, ou les Matheurs de la Vertu, Juliette, ou les Prosperites du Vice, Les Crimes de l'Amour, Zoloe et ses Deux Acolytes, Les 120 Journees, etc.* Originally published in Europe. Softbound. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2718. MARCEL PROUST: A Biography. By Richard H. Barker. This full-scale portrait brings to life one of the greatest of modern writers. A significant, richly documented study, it also serves as an excellent introduction to Proust's masterpiece, *Remembrance of Things Past.* Illus. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**

P-659. Cave Painting—THE BISON HUNT. A magnificent serigraph reproduction of a prehistoric cave painting from Spain, depicting a monumental wounded bison surrounded by hunters and dogs moving in for the kill. A powerful and decorative composition in muted browns, sand colors, ochre, yellow and gray; rendered by 16 separate color screens in permanent oil paints on fine, heavy stock. 32" high x 37" wide. *Special* **2.98**

2124. Famous Female Impersonators, Celestial and Human: VENUS CASTINA. By C. J. Bulliet. Illus. by Alexander King. The roster of famous gentlemen who appear here stretches from ancient Greece to the present and includes degenerate emperors, noted warriors, gentle priests, renowned men of letters, heroes, statesmen and even a few gods and demi-gods. This is an exact reprint, complete and unexpurgated, of the famous limited edition—long out of print—originally published at $15.00. **2.98**

2823. BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION. By J. Arnott Hamilton. A revised and rewritten edition of a standard reference work in the field. A thorough study of the origin, development, character and distribution of Byzantine art and architecture, illustrated with 175 photos, drawings and diagrams. There is no similar survey volume available. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

7580. PLEASURES OF MEXICO. By Maurice Sandoz. Gay impressions and puzzling secrets in a colorful land of contrasts. Here are the country, its people, its natural wonders, its man-made wonders and beauties, even its culinary arts, as seen and sampled by an expert traveler and writer. 23 Rolf Durig illustrations in glowing color accompany the text. 9" x 10½". *Pub. at $8.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2774. DESCRIPTIONS OF GREAT PAINTINGS: Sight and Insight. By Alexander Eliot. Extraordinary book on art-perceptive and eloquent descriptions of great paintings written as vividly and familiarly as one might write about one's closest friends—a sheer delight to read. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

2126. SCULPTURE INSIDE AND OUT. By Malvina Hoffman. 276 illustrations. The famous standard book on the art of sculpture, including a comprehensive historical survey, personal experience with world famous sculptors, and a thorough presentation of methods and techniques; with practical suggestions for modeling, carving, and the treatment of materials. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor Valletta And the Fiat Empire

CLAIRE STERLING

TURIN

SINCE THE EARLIEST days of the Risorgimento, the city of Turin has been the seat of power. The royal House of Savoy made its home in this gracious Piedmontese capital, Cavour presided here over Italy's first national government, the Italian Communist movement was born and bred here, and so too was the multi-billion-dollar financial dynasty which, from an ugly concrete building on Turin's Corso Marconi, now reigns over the Italian business world with not much less authority—and a lot more precision—than the government in Rome.

The name Fiat—"the word of will and creation" as D'Annunzio once called it—is commonly associated with a line of automobiles. But automobiles aren't the only Fiat product by any means. No outsider could say exactly how many enterprises come under the dominion of Fiat and its parent holding company, IFI. The latest informed guess was made by a Communist minister of finance in 1948, the last time there were any Communist ministers in an Italian cabinet. According to his chart, the two corporations owned or controlled 141 separate firms, producing not only automobiles and all their component parts but also aircraft, marine motors, tractors and trucks, Diesel engines, locomotives and rolling stock, trolleys and busses, steel, lignite, various household appliances, leather goods, stockings, shoes, cement, lumber, Cinzano, Florio, and other vermouths and wines, chemicals, Plexiglas, celluloid and other plastics, electronic equipment, paints, light bulbs, cameras and film.

In addition, they include one of Italy's biggest daily newspapers (*La Stampa*), a printing plant, an airline, transport companies, pharmacies, hotels, vast real-estate holdings and building societies, insurance companies, salvage companies, shipping lines, superhighways, a huge oil refinery, pipelines, and two national networks of gas pumps. There is also a Fiat overseas engineering unit called Impresit, one of whose undertakings involved the construction of the giant Kariba Dam in Southern Rhodesia.

AS OF 1948, these holdings represented an estimated six per cent of Italy's industrial capital. It is impossible to appraise their global worth now, since IFI is a closed corporation (owned by the twelve heirs of Fiat's founder, the late Senator Giovanni Agnelli), whose shares are not quoted on the stock market and whose two-page financial statements are a model of reticence. Fiat itself, however, publishes statements that are unusually informative by Italian standards, the last of which listed its assets at $1,124,503,169. As its distinguished director, Vittorio Valletta, points out, this figure makes his company look like a pygmy compared, say, to General Motors in Detroit. But it is a mountainous sum for Italy. Fiat's sales in 1959, which amounted to $644 million, represent roughly a third of Italy's mechanical production and nearly a tenth of its whole industrial output; and Fiat's exports alone last year accounted for more than a tenth of the country's total.

The directing force behind all this is a diminutive ex-professor of actuarial mathematics who, in his forty years with Fiat, has pulled the company up from the ruins of two world wars and the calamitous interval between, and who at seventy-six still runs it with one of the deftest hands in Europe. Valletta is no swashbuckling captain of industry—like Enrico Mattei, for instance—nor is he as ardent a social innovator as the late Adriano Olivetti. But no Italian industrialist has done more than this quiet, urbane, serene little man to bring his fellow industrialists abreast of the second half of the twentieth century.

In the course of his long lifetime, Valletta's power has grown to princely proportions, and there have been times when he might have used it to highly sinister purpose. Many of his associates, in fact, have often wished he would.

While Italy's postwar democracy has done well by industrialists on the whole, it has added certain features that were lacking in Mussolini's corporative state: free trade unions, multiple political parties—including a massive Communist one—and a parliamentary system that has been in perpetual crisis for more than a decade. Some industrialists have submitted to these inconveniences more or less gracefully. Others, however, remember with regret the days when workers could be kept in their place, Communists could be kept in jail, and parliaments could be kept in line with a stroke of the pen in the Palazzo Venezia.

Time and again, these industrialists have tinkered hopefully with plans to restore this vanished order, and on each occasion Valletta has thrown his full weight against them. Where most of his colleagues have divided their financial support between the governing Christian Democratic Party and neo-Fascist or other extreme right-wing groups, he has divided his between the Christian Democrats and the non-Communist Left.

His opposition to the Communists themselves is implacable. But he has always taken a lively interest in the moderate Social Democrats, and even in their not so moderate left-wingers, who have long been pressing the government to bring Pietro Nenni's Socialists into the democratic fold.

The Businesslike Crusade

Most businessmen here, and practically all Fiat stockholders, consider this so-called opening to the Left a national disaster. Valletta is one of the handful among them—if not, indeed, the only one—who sees it as a chance worth taking, provided there are proper safeguards, so as to give Italy's harried young republic a broader base.

The Professor, as everyone calls him, hasn't taken this lonely stand because he is a political crusader. He has done it as a businessman who has found the democratic climate

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not only agreeable but tonic, who has long since made his peace with the trade unions and pays the highest wages in the country, who is unperturbed by irresolute and not always domesticated parliaments—who, in short, has outgrown the mental habits of a between-the-wars capitalist tycoon.

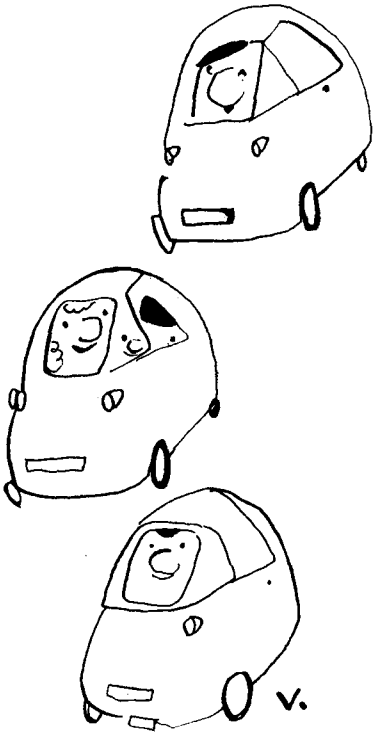
Since the same cannot be said for all his colleagues in Confindustria (the Italian Manufacturers' Association), his relations with that magisterial body have been distinctly cool. As an enthusiastic convert to American ideas of "distributor" capitalism —he is the founder of C.E.P.E.S., the Italian equivalent of our Committee for Economic Development—Valletta has often unnerved Confindustria's old guard by treating maximum wage levels as minimums, spending inordinate sums on employee welfare programs, and making statements like "The more money you give workers, the more they can buy" or "We must accept a limit on profits, which should come from the quantity sold and not from excessive profits." Finding little sympathy for these views among Confindustria's leaders, he has tended to go his way and let them go theirs. Probably they would have liked to do the same. But they have found it difficult to ignore the director of Italy's biggest business, and many of them have been forced to fall in behind.

Kept Capitalism

This doesn't mean, of course, that Valletta has been a selfless public benefactor. If Valletta has rendered extraordinary services to the state during these difficult postwar years, he has also had extraordinary services rendered in turn.

It is considered impolite, if not irreverent, to raise the question of monopoly in a Fiat official's presence. The word is so abhorrent to them that the company's board of directors once passed a motion formally pronouncing it not to be one. Nevertheless, everything that goes into a Fiat automobile, from the raw material to the finished product, is either made by Fiat itself, procured from the RIV ball-bearing plant (owned exclusively by the Agnelli family), or supplied by small jobbers most of whom are wholly dependent on Fiat for their existence. Furthermore, between eighty-five per cent and ninety per cent of the cars on the Italian market bear the Fiat label.

But while bigness may be the bugbear of doctrinaire liberals, men like Valletta are convinced that no nation these days could get along without it; as Valletta points out, "A modern industry must grow if it is to endure." Furthermore, Fiat has had several good reasons for integrating vertically with its suppliers and horizontally with its competitors. Italy has no raw materials to speak of, nor is its mechanical industry serviced—as in Britain, France, or Germany—by many low-cost producers of semi-finished parts who can spread their own costs over many customers. The most efficient way to cut the abnormally high costs of a single Italian automobile, therefore, is to concentrate the means of producing cars and produce as many as possible. In doing so, Fiat has created one of the greatest industrial complexes on the Continent, thereby contributing immensely to Italy's economic growth. By eliminating any effective competition, however, it has prevented any other auto manufacturer here from making a comparable contribution; and by demanding a guaranteed home market for its cars, it has made the Italians pay dearly for what they've got.



The fact that nearly every industry in the country has had more or less the same cost problems helps explain why Italy is so knotted with monopoly. It also suggests why the government has, since Fascist days, adopted a policy of what might be called kept capitalism—protecting private industry at the public's expense, and underwriting its losses without sharing its profits. Many an uneconomic enterprise has been kept not only alive but decked in dividends by the generous hand of the state. Several others, though fully capable of standing on their own feet, have been protected against foreign competition. In this second group, however, few if any have been as pampered as the automakers of Turin.

IF NEARLY EVERY motorist here drives a Fiat, it isn't a matter of choice. Except for a limited assortment of racing, sports, and plush-comfort jobs—Maserati, Alfa-Romeo, Lancia—there are practically no others to be had. Automobiles are the one major item not included in Italy's tariff-reduction arrangements in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (G.A.T.T.). Before a foreign car can get into Italy, therefore, it must first climb a tariff wall of fifty to sixty per cent and then slip through a prohibitive import quota. Because of the Common Market, the quota was raised last year to three per cent of Italy's auto production (calculated on stripped-down factory costs, not much above half of list price). This allowed 8,345 cars (269 from the United States) to enter Italy in the first nine months of 1959 —nearly twice as many as the year before. Once they get here, what's more, these cars are subject to a punishing road tax that gets more lethal as the horsepower goes up. A Fiat owner pays anywhere from $11 a year for the 500-cc. model to $130 for the biggest one. The annual rate for American cars ranges from $150 to $550.

It's a tribute to Fiat that it hasn't grown flabby under such cosseting. A less ambitious firm might have gone on happily for years, producing cars at a leisurely pace, selling them

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

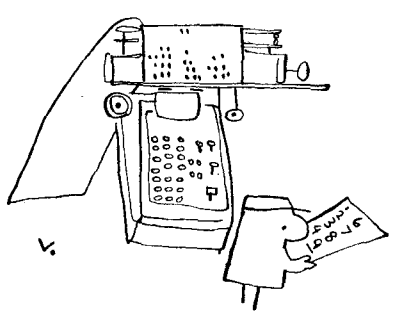
at audacious prices to captive consumers at home, and dumping the remainder abroad. Fiat has done this in the past: "To produce in economic quantities we had to export," as Valletta once explained, "and to export we had to apply a low price—sometimes half the cost price." To some extent, the practice still holds: the Fiat 1200, which sells for $1,920 in Italy, has a list price of $1,903 in Denver, Colorado—this after absorbing some $350 in import duties and transport costs. (The Ford Falcon, which sells for $1,925 in the United States, costs $4,270 here.) Nevertheless, Fiat's policies have changed substantially in recent years.

The Fiat organization, now preparing to face the rigors of the Common Market, doesn't need help from anyone. In his admiration for American methods, work habits, and outlook—he crosses the Atlantic himself at least once a year, and sends his brightest young men even more often—Valletta has developed a superbly trained and high-spirited staff, and given it the best equipment procurable (eighty per cent U.S.-made) to work with. With the biggest expansion rate, the most stable force, and one of the swiftest production lines in the European auto industry, he is already competing successfully with his French and German rivals on their home grounds—ninety thousand Fiats were sold in Germany last year—and is even willing, if only at a comfortably remote date, to compete with them in Italy too.

It was Valletta himself who first plumped for the Common Market here, spreading dismay through the industrial north. To Confindustria, it had seemed like a lunatic adventure that could only enrich an already prospering Germany and France at the expense of an impoverished Italy with neither the raw materials, the modern plant, nor the habits required for competition in a wide-open market. Valletta went on plumping nevertheless, and others with hindsight now recognize his foresight.

Thanks to recent prodigious progress, Italy can hardly be called impoverished any more. The average Italian, for instance, is eating twice as much fruit and milk, almost three times as much meat, and seven times as much sugar as he did in 1955; bank deposits rose by sixteen per cent in 1959 to a total of $15 billion; foreign businessmen have privately invested nearly $500 million here in the last two years. In the same brief period, Italy has not overcome its chronic trade deficit but has accumulated more than $1 billion in gold reserves, placing it third in gold and foreign-exchange holdings—after the United States and West Germany—in the western world.

As the Common Market enters its second year, therefore, Italian industrialists are finding ample capital for expansion and bracing prospects for trade within a single commercial frontier four times bigger than their own. They are in a still jauntier mood for having discovered that they will not have to brave the icy winds of competition without at least some central heating. Since the Common Market treaty was signed, 283 separate deals have been made within its boundaries, ranging from the outright absorption of one factory by another to fusion, concentration, "co-operation," exchange of licenses, patents, or sales facilities, and financing. In addition, eighty-eight new trade associations have been formed for exchange of information. While cartelization as such may be prohibited by Common Market rules, there is no mis-



taking the drift toward many things this word implies: massive concentrations of capital, price fixing, and division of the market through gentlemen's agreements on specialization and sales.

Apart from a sales arrangement with the French Simca (which it partly owns) and membership in an automakers' association (whose quarterly meetings would probably make interesting listening), Fiat hasn't been involved in these deals. On the contrary, it may be hurt by two that have been made: under exchange of license, Alfa-Romeo will assemble Renault's Dauphine in Italy, and Innocenti (Lambretta scooters) will manufacture the British Austin here. Both of these are in Fiat's small-car class. But Valletta doesn't seem daunted. The Professor doesn't like to boast. "When I hear anyone say we're first in anything," he says, "I break out in a cold sweat." Nevertheless, he is clearly confident that in terms of volume, engineering, sales organization, and labor force, he can take anything the Common Market might throw at him.

The Red Fortress Falls

Five years ago, that couldn't have been the case. In those days, Fiat was still suffering not only from a war hangover and its familiar old monopoly ailments but from another familiar complaint: the Communists' monopoly hold on its workers. The Communists then had pretty much the same hold on all the other workers in Italy, through the General Federation of Italian Labor (CGIL). But Turin had been their primary seat of operations, and it wasn't until the great Red fortress fell at Fiat in 1955 that their grip was finally broken all over the country.

Strictly speaking, the Communists didn't fall; they were pushed. Like practically everyone else in Confindustria, Valletta had long tended to regard them as a kind of supernatural affliction. He didn't do much about them even in 1948 when, during a national semi-insurrection, they occupied the Fiat works and held Valletta prisoner for forty-eight hours; and it wasn't until six years later that he finally got around to firing the long-time director of Fiat's $45-million social-welfare program, who was a high official of the Communist Party.

In 1955, however, when the United States tied an anti-Communist clause to its offshore procurement contracts, Valletta got down to business. What he did is told in almost embarrassing detail in a Fiat publication complete with figures and colored charts. It includes the payment of bonuses to "loyal" workers, schools for "political re-education," outright dismissal of several thousand Communist militants, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the segregation, in a special workshop making spare parts for discontinued models, of several hundred "unwanted workers who could not yet be dismissed." Eventually these workers too were fired, and the workshop, known as "Red Star," was itself discontinued.

The CGIL's collapse in the 1955 shop election may not have left all eighty thousand Fiat workers spiritually happy, especially those with generations of Socialist blood in their veins. While they now have three free unions to represent them, the one with a relative majority is an "independent" with pronounced company leanings; and while the company's social-welfare structure is by far the most elaborate in the country, it more closely approximates that of Hershey, Pennsylvania, in the 1930's than of Detroit in the 1960's. Still, it is a highly elaborate structure, providing everything from free medical care, rest homes, low-cost housing, summer camps, sports facilities, and technical training schools to old-age pensions and special premiums for birth, death, and marriage. Inasmuch as Fiat's pay checks are also twenty per cent bigger than elsewhere in the industry, the workers evidently feel that their material felicity, at any rate, is assured. Where Fiat had lost more than four million man-hours in strikes during the five years preceding 1955, it hasn't had a single strike since.

THE 1955 triumph brought Fiat other advantages as well: $50 million worth of U.S. offshore contracts and a clear road ahead for whatever expansion Valletta might have in mind, which was quite a lot.

All in all, he has spent $799 million on expansion and modernization since the war. Of this sum, $35 million came from the Marshall Plan (half the allocation for the whole Italian mechanical industry). The rest came from Fiat's own vast interior and from a hundred thousand happy stockholders, whose shares have quintupled in value in the last two years alone. With this investment, Valletta has created one of the finest steelworks in Italy, a completely automated spare-parts plant, and a 1,500,000-square-meter factory called Mirafiori that dazzles twenty-five thousand visitors a year and turns out close to two thousand automobiles a day. He is now planning further investments that will bring the figure closer to three thousand cars a day, putting Fiat above Renault in volume and second only to Volkswagen in the Common Market.

While this kind of volume may have licked Fiat's cost problems, it hasn't made much difference in its prices. Fiat did reduce some of its list prices once, by seven per cent, in 1958. It was a red-letter day for the customers, but it didn't alter the average retail price per kilogram of automobile, which has remained about the same since 1948. This suggests that Valletta could afford to sell for less some day if it became absolutely necessary.

Ghana's Loyal Opposition

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

ACCRA

PLANTED among the slovenly retail shops of a shabby corner of town, the Palladium blends in nicely. It is one of the less elegant movie houses of Accra. With a bare concrete floor, a dismal, tattered curtain across the stage, and irregular rows of steel folding chairs, it is a minimal auditorium. This made it appropriate for a rally of the United Party of Ghana, which constitutes the meager and sagging opposition in a near-one-party state.

On this Saturday afternoon, while the steamy heat was still near its peak for the day, the Palladium was an oppressive place. But neither humid heat nor relentless harassment by Kwame Nkrumah's government can dampen the ebullience of the United Party. It has the zest and the righteousness of a persecuted minority.

I edged through a file of relaxed police, paid my shilling admission, entered near the front of the hall, and confronted a sea of glistening black faces. There was a hearty ovation of cheers and applause, which I acknowledged with a startled wave of my hand; and then I was escorted to the front row after declining an urgent invitation to sit on the stage with the party bigwigs. Apparently a white journalist is a rarity at United Party rallies.

After some preliminary remarks by one of the eight party dignitaries on the stage, the two thousand Ghanaians who filled the auditorium to capacity stood and sang the national anthem. They did a good job of it, singing with the lusty fervor of a Methodist congregation. The audience was mostly men, mostly young. Half of them wore white shirts and shorts, and most of the others were in the gaily colored and patterned "Roman togas" that remain the national costume of Ghana.

Crowded Crossroads

The chief speaker went to work. He was Joe Appiah, a slim, dark man with a black goatee—a lawyer, a member of the National Assembly, and an orator of skill. Before settling to his speech, Appiah called out to the audience: "United Party!" They answered in chorus: "Justice!" Again he addressed them: "United Party!" Again they answered: "Justice!" It happened five or six times in rapid succession, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. Certainly it is an economical formula for introducing some audience participation into a political meeting.

Joe Appiah's English, like that of most Ghanaians, is heavily accented, and not easy for a stranger to catch. But as he unwound his argument, the sense came through: "Ghana is at the crossroads!"

Surely, I thought, there must be a bad traffic jam at the crossroads. Almost all the new nations of Africa are bound to be there. But Joe Appiah had reasons for his hackneyed statement. During its three years of independence, Ghana has been under the rule of Kwame Nkrumah's C.P.P. (Convention Peoples Party). Now it was about to vote on a new constitution, which would make Ghana a republic and make it possible for Nkrumah to be elected

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president for life. The last hope for a two-party system seemed therefore to be fading fast. Ghana really *is* at a crossroads.

"What have these three years brought you? What have they added to your well-being and happiness personally? I'll answer," Appiah said quickly. "They've brought you nothing. All these three years of independence have done is to make one man a colossus."

I THOUGHT of Nkrumah. His face is on every coin, on many stamps. His picture hangs on almost every office wall, in every government department, virtually in every public place from one end of Ghana to the other. Statues of him ornament public squares. Streets and plazas and traffic circles are named for him. The newspapers are filled with pictures of the prime minister, soon to be the president. He overshadows all other persons, in the way dictators do or once did in totalitarian states.

"Should we amend our constitution?" Joe asked rhetorically. "Yes, let's keep right on amending it," he said with heavy sarcasm. Absentmindedly, Joe smoothed out his gay blue-and-white sport shirt, which hung almost to his knees outside his trousers. Dignity is even less necessary to the politician's trade in West Africa than in the American Middle West.

"Let's amend the constitution to make it unlawful for the new President to be ill. The country can't afford to have him sick! Then let's change the constitution to forbid the passage of time. Then this colossus that stands over us won't be limited to a mere lifetime. We'll make him immortal by due process of law and he can rule Ghana forever!"

Next, Appiah took the C.P.P. to task—the party that didn't recognize the right of any other party to exist. I recalled what I had heard Kwame Nkrumah say in a spirited debate in the National Assembly the day before. When he was chided for imposing party loyalty on "nonpolitical" civil servants, Nkrumah had replied: "The party is the government and the government is the party. There's not really any difference." It had a bad sound for a visiting journalist, recalling as it did quite similar remarks by a famous Italian who also was a colossus—in his way—for a time.

Appiah evoked anger, contempt, and laughter in swift sequence in his attentive and highly responsive audience, all at the expense of the C.P.P. Then he turned to the problem of the oncoming plebiscite. Lashing at the apathy and ignorance of the electorate, he reminded his listeners of the obstacle of illiteracy. "The people of Ghana are only fourteen per cent literate," he said. "This is the fault of the former imperialists," he added, carefully avoiding any reference to the British by name. "But it doesn't matter now who's at fault. We just have to work harder. Each of you must go out and persuade ten people that the new constitution is wrong."

A Thinking Man's Party

"The United Party is known as the party of logicians and thinkers," said Appiah. "Its members have a special responsibility."

This could well be true. From several sources I had confirmed that the young intellectuals of Ghana, of whom there are no vast numbers, are mainly in the United Party, the party of protest. Unfortunately, however, the personal popularity of Kwame Nkrumah, reinforced by high cocoa prices, is so great that the opposition party has been losing ground steadily. And it is politically safe for the C.P.P. government to harass the dwindling party of protest with increasing vindictiveness. Twelve United Party members were "detained" without charges or trial my first day in Ghana, and fourteen were detained the second day. The Accra newspapers, nearly all of them strongly pro-Nkrumah, report these routine jailings "for the safety of the state" with gleeful headlines. Only the *Ashanti Pioneer,* published 175 miles away at Kumasi, and the slim contingent of United Party members in the National Assembly perceive any invasion of civil liberty in these detentions under an emergency law.

Joe Appiah turned his guns again on the apathy and moral cowardice of the main body of Ghanaians. He got an uproarious response when he told of his own experience.

"I meet people on the street," he said. "People I know. They look up the street this way. They look down the street that way. If they don't see anybody watching or listening, they pat me on the back, and say: 'Go ahead, boy! Keep it up!' Then they hurry down the street."

After forty minutes, more or less, the chairman walked abruptly to the microphone and eased Joe Appiah away from it. I thought he was calling time on him. He waved the audience to their feet for a song. It was a brief, plaintive song, in a language I didn't know. A helpful young Ghanaian in the row behind me supplied a hastily written English translation:

"This is my own land, which was acquired by the blood of our forefathers;
"Whether its affairs will be good or wrong depends on the character of its citizens."

IT TURNED OUT that Appiah had not been cut off but was only interrupted momentarily for a seventh-inning stretch. He resumed with new energy. His case was simple enough. Independence, he said over and over in different ways, has not solved the problem of freedom. Just a few years ago, he reminded his fellow partisans, we were condemning the white man because he stood over us and held us to a life of "servitude and tranquillity." Now the white man is gone. We are governed now by a black man. He does not respect civil

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rights either. He has made himself a colossus. He jails anybody he thinks might wish him harm.

"Now we know that the enemy within is far more dangerous than any foreign imperialists."

That is venturesome doctrine to offer in public, only three years after liberation. It was doubly venturesome for the United Party, which already is being damaged by whispers that it would play Britain's game if it came to power.

In the mounting noise of scattered conversations and small arguments, Joe Appiah seemed to sense a lag in audience interest. He broke off his speech and shouted into the microphone:

"United Party!" His two thousand auditors responded in one voice: "Justice!" Three times Appiah led them through this refreshing litany. It cleared the air, silencing the distracting conversations in the back rows. It is a marvelous disciplinary device for political meetings.

APPIAH had scarcely resumed when he was interrupted by a long burst of tumultuous applause. This, I discovered, was to welcome J. B. Danquah, the grand old man of the United Party, arriving late. Only twenty-four hours earlier, he had been named officially as the United Party's candidate for the presidency, in opposition to Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah. An elder statesman now, Danquah is gentle, thoughtful, and mellow. He practices law; he advises the United Party's more active leaders; and he wonders just how it came about that his protégé of a few years ago, Nkrumah, should have turned into such an egoist and autocrat. Like his colleagues in the United Party, Danquah is defiant under the C.P.P.'s harassment, yet still relaxed and amiable.

They have a persuasive case against C.P.P. domination, these leaders of the "party of logicians and thinkers." But it may be a long time before they persuade any large percentage of the citizens of Ghana. Indeed, it may become impossible for them to work at persuasion. They are finding free speech a risky privilege once they step outside the National Assembly Hall, where immunity is assured to the loyal opposition by imported British ground rules.

Politics of the Tribe

It may well be that Nkrumah, in shelving the rights of free men and bedeviling the United Party endlessly, is merely following a stronger tradition than that of Anglo-Saxon

civil rights. The authentic political heritage of this segment of West Africa is not a body of ideas and principles introduced in the last seventy-five years by Englishmen. It is the ancient African institution of the chieftain. In three years, Nkrumah has broken the power of the Ashanti chiefs. He has shattered what hope there was of building Moslem political power in the northern territory, where Islam has a strong foothold. He has just about finished off the opposition party. Danquah was excoriated in the Accra newspapers for having the effrontery to stand for the presidency against "Africa's Star of Hope." (For variety, some papers said instead "Africa's Man of Destiny.")

The reality is that Nkrumah has become the paramount chief of all the Ghanaians—with the superficial trappings of western democracy but in the old African tradition of chiefly power. And he fondly hopes to become also the paramount chief (lifetime president) over the Ewe, half of whom now live in French Togoland under the watchful eye of Premier Sylvanus E. Olympio. This, however, will take some doing, despite the possible opportunity created by Togo's independence, scheduled for April 27.

MY OWN GUESS is that it won't be the party of logicians and thinkers that will deliver Ghana from the benevolent despotism of Nkrumah and his vast circle of sycophants, but a split in the C.P.P. This could happen whenever the lifetime chief of all the Ghanaians falters, or tires, or leaves the scene for whatever reason. When a party is the lengthened shadow of one man and has almost all the votes, it is subject to fission the moment the strong leader fumbles. But for the years just ahead, Ghana almost certainly will continue to give tribal fealty to Kwame Nkrumah through the alien mechanisms of a transplanted hothouse democracy.

Ghana has a handsome treasury surplus, and no national debt whatever. The price of cocoa, the only price that really matters to Ghanaians, is holding up well. Kaiser Aluminum is fascinated by the hydroelectric potential of the Volta River—and the potential profit in a country where bauxite abounds less than two hundred miles from a source of low-cost energy. And Nkrumah's ministers have the good sense to keep a strong, able corps of British advisers and technicians at hand. While everything is going so well, and while Nkrumah's prestige in Africa and the world remains great (despite the galling fact of a "bad press" in London and New York), the main body of Ghanaians are not going to be much upset by the detention without trial of a few hundred fellow citizens. If the P.M. thinks they're enemies of the state, that settles it.

As twilight darkened the Palladium Theater, Joe Appiah finished his speech in a great wave of applause. A properly indignant resolution was read and approved by acclamation. The party of logicians and thinkers dispersed. From the standpoint of the American Civil Liberties Union or by the ancient yardstick of British civil rights, the theoreticians of the United Party are one hundred per cent right. But the plain truth is that the African masses —in Ghana as elsewhere—have not been storming the ramparts of colonialism to gain civil liberties. In a much older, sturdier, indigenous tradition, they are ready to follow a strong leader without asking questions, if he gives promise of getting them more and more of the coveted material blessings of the white world. These, not liberty, are the targets of the new Africa.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle 7

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A. 123 8 34 67 83 59 21 48 157 40

"Yet how_____is all earthly bliss." Cowper, Retirement, l, 457.

B. 149 134 118 86 103 69 45 81

Pacific.

C. 120 32 104 82 77 38 138 18 23 71 144 145 65 20 155

A great economist and statesman whose son founded an industrial dynasty. (2,4,2,7)

D. 15 116 84 17 60 101 122 37 106 121 153

When the Brooklyn Bridge was opened. (6,5)

E. 90 131 143 147 125

"But when the wreath of March has blossomed.../Or_____, pay one visit here." Tennyson, To F.D. Maurice.

F. 63 142 113 159 16 98 30 6

Complete wearing apparel for special occasions.

G. 41 52 92 111 114 102 141 140 94 73 39 61

Describes one sentiment Acrostician denies he has.

H. 78 99 36 136 108 79 58 151 43

Sample ballot. (5,4)

I. 2 57 10 100 75 124 127 53 47 80 62

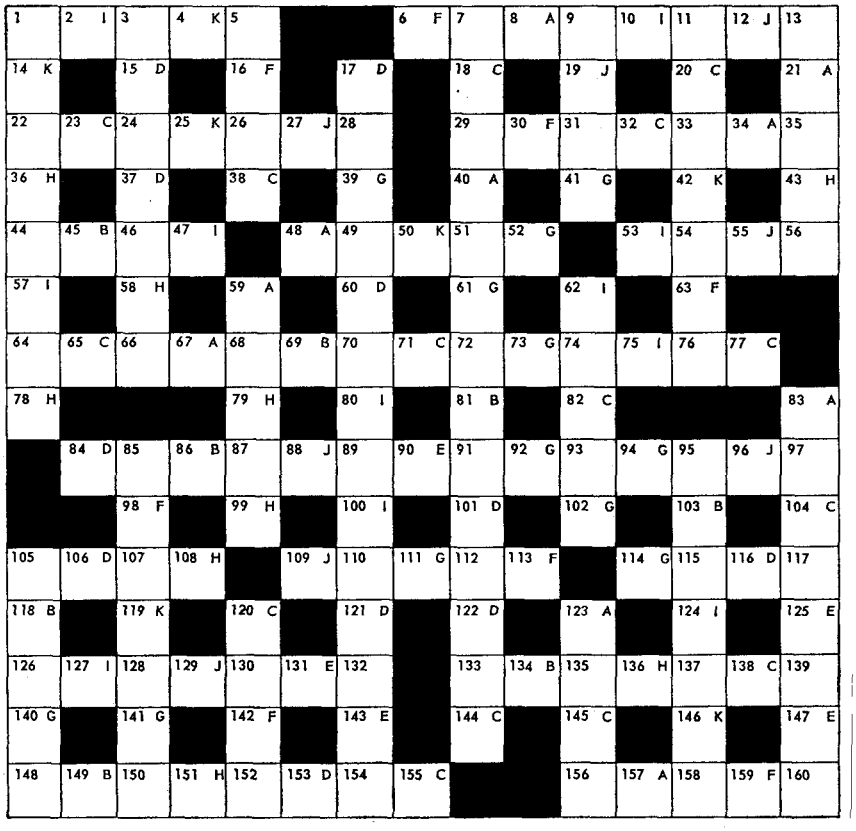
The increments of education. (7,4)

J. 88 55 19 129 96 109 12 27

Paper rolls of coins.

K. 146 119 4 50 42 14 25

Where Acrostician got a provincial start.



ACROSS

1. Gaza teaser trips about.
6. Expansive C.P.A.'s need I.O.U.'s.
22. Highly wrought tin seen here.
29. Butler I know is reconstructed.
44. Uncommon now but makes a common back.
48. Great theater done with nothing.
53. A b[illegible]do, of course, over no red chowder.
64. Concern of Gallup is pure libation to 200. (6,8)
84. Not an army communique but labor weapons. (7,7)
105. Ale or porter to concoct.
109. A young lady describes something wrong, apparently.
114. My Parisian girl friend is always A-1 with me.
126. Gil and Anna confused over things relating to 5th century conquerors.
133. Boys ran them, and with mistakes, too.
148. Five hundred and one emphasize their discomfort.
156. Winds in the August skies.

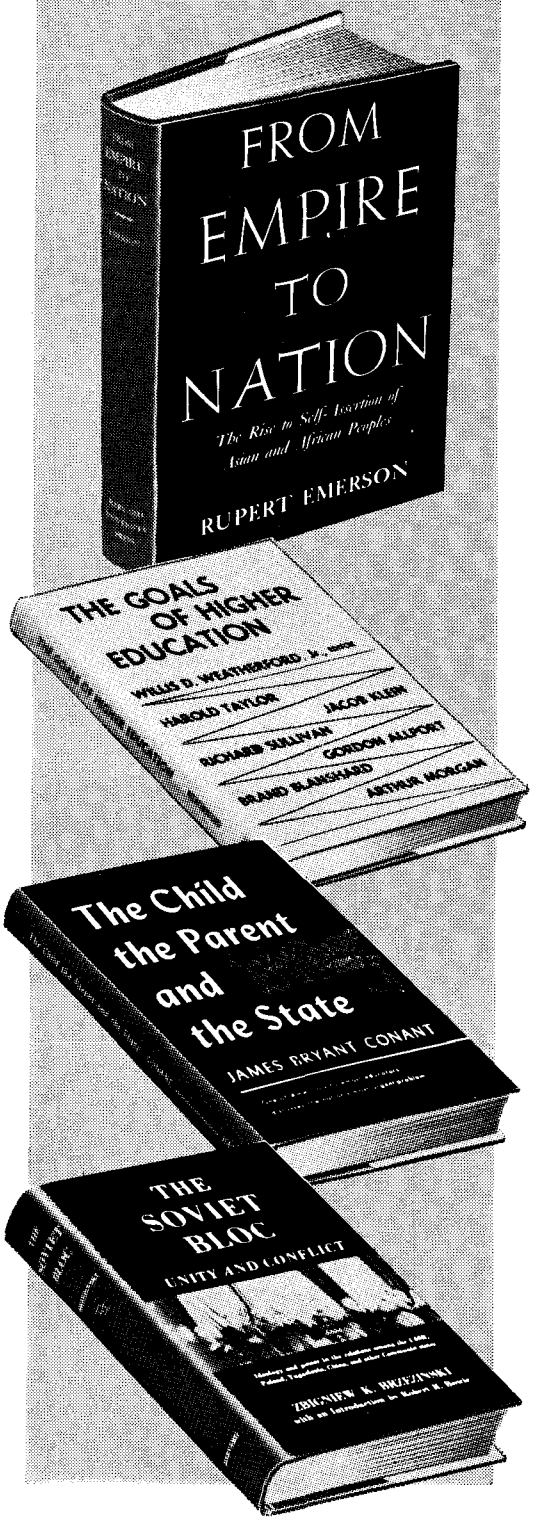
DOWN

1. Knight takes spurt when he uses them to mount his charger.
3. Pulsate again, brother!
5. Pole a boat with a nut for a kick.
7. Also presents my own method.
9. A kind of reporter in the Acrostician's habitat.
11. Find this river in S.A. or coin nothing.
13. Change the ebb and flow and located at last.
17. What the psychiatrist gave in one sense and started the name in another. (4,10)
59. I have shortened in a small coin I have shortened.
62. Attack the Ft. or Mts.
83. Sees and raps and thus maligns.
85. Comes out and joins when beheaded.
95. They're loose and comfortable, so one monk wears them.
105. Symbol of the Acrostician's ilk, but not bread.
120. I'd find coutourier or I'd change.
123. Switch part of gruff rogue.

© 1960 by the Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harvard Books examine today's world



From Empire to Nation

THE RISE TO SELF-ASSERTION OF ASIAN AND AFRICAN PEOPLES

The peoples of Asia and Africa, after centuries of Western domination are awakening to independence, demanding their "place in the sun." What next — hostile nationalism or enlightened democracy? Will these nations develop along peaceful lines? Will they turn their backs on the West? Never before have the problems posed by Afro-Asian nationalistic ferment been brought into such clear focus. One of 1960's most vital books.

by Rupert Emerson $7.75

The Goals of Higher Education

Harold Taylor (Sarah Lawrence), Jacob Klein (St. Johns), Richard Sullivan (Reed), Gordon Allport (Harvard), Brand Blanshard (Yale), and Arthur Morgan (Antioch) re-evaluate the academic aims and community responsibility of American colleges today.

Edited by Willis D. Weatherford, Jr. $3.50

The Child, the Parent, and the State

Focusing on two vital questions — how much should we change our schools and how will we pay for it — America's foremost spokesman on education discusses frankly what can and should be done for our schools. ***by James Bryant Conant*** $3.50

The Soviet Bloc

UNITY AND CONFLICT

The multiple evidences of discord within the Soviet bloc — in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Poland, China — are examined together here for the first time and contrasted with satellite politics under Stalin's iron-rule. ***by Zbigniew K. Brzezinski*** $7.75

See your bookseller

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma, Prince of Lampedusa, was a Sicilian aristocrat who had never published anything before his death in 1957. Five days before he died at the age of sixty-one, he was informed that his novel, The Leopard, *the only book he ever wrote, had been rejected by the publisher he had sent it to. A year later,* The Leopard *was a best-seller in Italy and Europe. On May 2 it will be published in the United States by Pantheon Books; it is the May selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

A leopard rampant is in the coat of arms of the proud Salina family of Sicilian landowners and aristocrats. In 1860 when Garibaldi and his thousand men landed in Sicily to make it part of a united Italy, Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, the hero of this book, was aware that the old Bourbon order was dead. It had befriended him and he belonged to it; he knew its injustices and futility; he would have defended it against any other similar system but he could not and would not lift a finger to defend it against a revolution that he knew was bound to come. Detached, somewhat desperate—for in the new era values he loved would be lost—but never bitter, Don Fabrizio bullied and protected his peasants, made love, and studied the stars.

In the following passage, the Prince goes hunting on Monte Morco above the village of Donnafugata, where one of Sicily's first experiments in free and unfettered elections, the plebiscite for or against the new united Italy, has just resulted in a suspiciously unanimous vote for. The aristocrat and his faithful hunting companion Don Ciccio, the village organist, talk over the event.

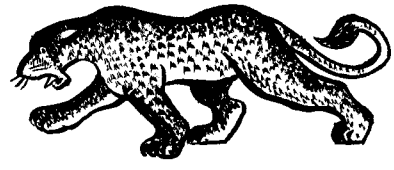
An excerpt from

The Leopard

By GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA

FOR THE MOMENT all thought was suspended in the archaic and aromatic countryside, if it could be called that, where he went shooting every morning. The term "countryside" implies soil transformed by labor; but the scrub clinging to the slopes was still in the very same state of scented tangle in which it had been found by Phoenicians, Dorians, and Ionians when they disembarked in Sicily, that America of antiquity. Don Fabrizio and Tumeo climbed up and down, slipped and were scratched by thorns, just as any Archidamus or Philostratus must have been tired and scratched twenty-five centuries before. They saw the same objects, their clothes were soaked with just as sticky a sweat, the same indifferent breeze blew steadily from the sea, moving myrtles and broom, spreading a smell of thyme. The dogs' sudden pauses for thought, their tension waiting for prey, were the very same as when Artemis was invoked for the chase. Reduced to these basic elements, its face washed clear of worries, life took on a tolerable aspect. That morning, shortly before reaching the top of the hill, Arguto and Teresina began the hieratic dance of dogs who have scented prey; stretching, stiffening, prudently raising paws, repressing barks; a few minutes later a tiny beige-colored backside slid through the grass and two almost simultaneous shots ended the silent wait; at the Prince's feet Arguto placed an animal in its death throes.

It was a wild rabbit; its dun-colored coat had not been able to save it. Horrible wounds lacerated snout and chest. Don Fabrizio found himself stared at by big black eyes soon overlaid by a glaucous veil; they were looking at him with no reproof, but full of tortured amazement at the whole order of things; the velvety ears were already cold, the vigorous paws contracting in rhythm, still-living symbol of useless flight; the animal had died tortured by anxious hopes of salvation, imagining it could still escape when it was already caught, just like so many human beings. While sympathetic fingers were still stroking that poor snout, the animal gave a last quiver and died; Don Fabrizio and Don Ciccio had had their bit of fun, the former not only the pleasure of killing but also the solace of compassion.



WHEN THE HUNTERS reached the top of the hill, there among the tamarisks and scattered cork trees appeared the real Sicily again, the one compared to which baroque towns and orange groves are mere trifles: aridly undulating to the horizon in hillock after hillock, comfortless and irrational, with no lines that the mind could grasp, conceived apparently in a delirious moment of creation; a sea suddenly petrified at the instant when a change of wind had flung waves into frenzy. Donnafugata lay huddled and hidden in an anonymous fold of the ground, and not a living soul was to be seen; the only signs of the passage of man were scraggy rows of vines. Beyond the hills on one side was the indigo smudge of the sea, more mineral and barren, even, than the land. The slight breeze moved over all, universalizing the smell of dung, carrion, and sage, canceling, sup-

© 1958 Giangiacomo Feltrinelli Editore, Milano, Italy
© 1960 in the English translation Pantheon Books Inc., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressing, reordering each thing in its careless passage; it dried up the little drops of blood which were the last signs of the rabbit, far away it ruffled the locks of Garibaldi, and farther still flung dust in the eyes of Neapolitan soldiers hurriedly reinforcing the battlements of Gaeta, deluded by a hope as vain as the rabbit's frenzied flight. The Prince and the organist rested under the circumscribed shadow of cork trees: they drank tepid wine from wooden bottles with a roast chicken from Don Fabrizio's haversack, ate little cakes called *muffoletti* dusted with raw flour which Don Ciccio had brought with him, and the local grapes so ugly to look at and so good to eat; with great hunks of bread they satisfied the hungry dogs standing there in front of them, impassive as bailiffs bent on getting debts paid. Under that monarchic sun Don Fabrizio and Don Ciccio were near to dozing.

BUT THOUGH a shot had killed the rabbit, though the bored rifles of General Cialdini were now dismaying the Bourbon troops at Gaeta, though the midday heat was making men doze off, nothing could stop the ants. Attracted by a few chewed grapeskins spat out by Don Ciccio,

along they rushed in close order, morale high at the chance of annexing that bit of garbage soaked with an organist's saliva. Up they came full of confidence, disordered but resolute; groups of three or four would stop now and again for a chat, exalting, perhaps, the ancient glories and future prosperity of anthill Number Two under cork tree Number Four on the top of Mount Morco; then once again they would take up their march with the others toward a buoyant future; the gleaming backs of those imperialists seemed to quiver with enthusiasm, while from their ranks no doubt rose the notes of an anthem.

By some association of ideas which it would be inopportune to pursue, the activity of these insects prevented the Prince from sleeping and reminded him of the days of the Plebiscite for the Unification through which he had lived shortly before at Donnafugata itself. Apart from a sense of amazement, those days had left him many an enigma to solve; now, in sight of nature, which, except for ants, obviously did not have such bothers, he might perhaps find a solution for one of them. The dogs were sleeping stretched and crouched like figures in relief; the little rabbit, hanging from a branch with its head down, was swinging out diagonally under the constant surge of wind, but Tumeo, with the help of his pipe, still managed to keep his eyes open.

"And you, Don Ciccio, how did you vote on the twenty-first?"

The poor man started; taken by surprise at a moment when outside the stockade of precautions in which, like each of his fellow townsmen, he usually moved, he hesitated, not knowing what to reply.

The Prince mistook for alarm what was really only surprise, and felt irritated. "Well, what are you afraid of? There's no one here but us, the wind, and the dogs."

The list of reassuring witnesses was not really happily chosen; wind is a gossip by definition, the Prince was half Sicilian. Only the dogs were absolutely trustworthy and that only because they lacked articulate speech. But Don Ciccio had now recovered; his peasant astuteness had suggested the right reply—nothing at all. "Excuse me, Excellency, but there's no point in your question. You know that everyone in Donnafugata voted 'yes.' "

Don Fabrizio did know this; and that was why this reply merely changed a small enigma into an enigma of history. Before the voting many had come to him for advice; all of them had been exhorted, sincerely, to vote "yes." Don Fabrizio, in fact, could not see what else there was to do: whether treating it as a *fait accompli* or as an act merely theatrical and banal, whether taking it as historical necessity or considering the trouble these humble folk might get into if their negative attitude were known. He had noticed, though, that not all had been convinced by his words; into play had come the abstract Machiavellianism of Sicilians, which so often induced these people, with all their generosity, to erect complex barricades on the most fragile of foundations. Like doctors adept at treatment based on fundamentally false analyses of blood and urine which they are too

lazy to rectify, the Sicilians of that time ended by killing off the patient, that is themselves, by a niggling and hairsplitting rarely grounded on any real understanding of the problems involved and even less of their interlocutors. Some who had spent their lives under the aegis of the Leopard felt it impossible for a Prince of Salina to vote in favor of the Revolution (as the recent changes were still called in those remote parts), and they interpreted his advice as ironical, intended to effect a result in practice opposite to his words. These pilgrims (and they were the best) had come out of his study winking at each other—as far as their respect for him would allow—proud at having penetrated the meaning of the princely words, and rubbing their hands in self-congratulation at their own perspicacity just when it was most completely in eclipse. Others, on the other hand, after having listened to him, went off looking sad, convinced that he was a turncoat or opportunist, and more than ever determined to take no notice of what he said but to follow instead the age-old proverb about preferring a known evil to an untried good. These were reluctant to ratify the new national reality for personal reasons too: either from religious faith, or from having received favors from the former régime and not been sharp enough to insert themselves into the new one, or finally because during the upsets of the liberation period they had lost some capons and sacks of beans, and been cuckolded either by Garibaldi volunteers or Bourbon levies. He had, in fact, the disagreeable but

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinct impression that about fifteen of them would vote "no," a tiny minority certainly, but noticeable in the small electorate of Donnafugata. Taking into consideration that the people who came to him represented the flower of the inhabitants, and that there must also be some unconvinced among the hundreds of electors who had not dreamed of setting foot inside the palace, the Prince had

calculated that Donnafugata's compact affirmative would be varied by about forty negative votes.

THE DAY of the Plebiscite was windy and gray, and tired groups of youths had been seen going through the streets of the town with placards carrying "Yes" and the same on pieces of paper stuck in ribbons of their hats. Among the papers and refuse swirled about by the wind were a few verses of *"La Bella Gigugin"* transformed into a kind of Arab wail, a fate to which any gay tune sung in Sicily is bound to succumb. They had also seen two or three "foreign faces" (that is, from Girgenti) installed in *Zzu* Menico's tavern, where they were declaiming about the "magnificent and progressive future" of the new Sicily united to resurgent Italy. A few peasants were standing listening, mute, stunned by overwork or starved by unemployment. These cleared their throats and spat continuously, but kept silent; so silent that it must have been then (as Don Fabrizio said afterward) that the "foreign faces" decided to put, among the four major arts, Mathematics above Rhetoric.

The Prince went to vote about four in the afternoon, flanked on the right by Father Pirrone, on the left by Don Onofrio Rotolo; frowning and fair-skinned, he proceeded slowly toward the Town Hall, frequently putting up a hand to protect his eyes lest the breeze, loaded with all the filth collected on its way, should bring on the conjunctivitis to which he was subject; and he remarked to Father Pirrone that though the air would have been like a putrid pool without the wind, yet health-giving gusts did seem to drag up a lot of dirt with them. He was wearing the same black frock coat in which two years before he had gone to pay his respects at Caserta to poor King Ferdinand, who had been lucky enough to die in time to avoid this day of dirty wind, when the seal would be set on his incapacity. But had it really been incapacity? One might as well say that a person succumbing to typhus dies from incapacity. He remembered the King busy putting up dikes against the floods of useless documents; and suddenly he realized how much unconscious appeal to pity there was in those unattractive features. Such thoughts were disagreeable, as are all those that make us understand things too late, and the Prince's face went solemn and dark as if he were following an invisible funeral carriage. Only the violent impact of his feet on loose stones in the street showed his internal conflict; it is superfluous to mention that the ribbon on his top hat was innocent of any piece of paper, but for the eyes of those who knew him a "yes" and a "no" alternated under the glistening of the felt.

On reaching a little room in the Town Hall used as the voting booth he was surprised to see all the members of the committee get up as his great height filled the doorway; a few peasants who had arrived before were motioned aside, and so without having to wait Don Fabrizio handed his "yes" into the patriotic hands of Don Calogero Sedàra. Father Pirrone, though, did not vote at all, as he had been careful not to get himself listed as resident in the town. Don Nofrio, obeying the express desires of the Prince, gave his own monosyllabic opinion about the complicated Italian question: a masterpiece of concision carried through with the good grace of a child drinking castor oil. After which all were invited for "a sip" upstairs in the Mayor's study; but Father Pirrone and Don Nofrio put forward good reasons, one of abstinence, the other of stomach-ache, and remained below. Don Fabrizio had to face the refreshments alone.

Behind the Mayor's writing desk glared a brand-new portrait of Garibaldi and (already) one of the new King from Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel, luckily hung to the right; the first handsome, the second ugly; both, however, made brethren by prodigious growths of hair which nearly hid their faces altogether. On a small table was a plate with some ancient biscuits covered with fly droppings and a dozen little squat glasses brimming with rosolio: four red, four green, four white, the last in the center: an ingenuous symbol of the new national flag which tempered the Prince's remorse with a smile. He chose the white liquor for himself, presumably because the least indigestible and not, as some thought, a tardy homage to the Bourbon standard. Anyway, all three varieties of rosolio were equally sugary, sticky, and revolting. They had the good taste not to give toasts. But, as Don Calogero said, great joys are silent. Don Fabrizio was shown a letter from the authorities of Girgenti announcing to the industrious citizens of Donnafugata the granting of a contribution of two thousand lire for sewers, a work which would be completed before the end

of 1961, so the Mayor assured them, stumbling into one of those lapses whose mechanism Freud was to explain many decades later; and the meeting broke up.

BEFORE DUSK the three or four whores of Donnafugata (there were some there, too, not organized but each hard at work on her own) appeared in the square with tricolor ribbons in their manes in protest against the exclusion of women from the vote; the poor creatures were jeered at even by the most advanced liberals and forced back to their lairs. This did not prevent the newspaper *Giornale di Trinacria* from telling the people of Palermo four

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days later that at Donnafugata "some gentle representatives of the fair sex wished to show their faith in the new and brilliant destinies of their beloved Country, and demonstrated in the main square amid general acclamation from the patriotic populace."

After this the electoral booths were closed and the scrutators got to work; late that night the central balcony of the Town Hall was flung open and Don Calogero appeared with a tricolor sash over his middle, flanked by two ushers with lighted candelabra which the wind blew out at once. To the invisible crowd in the shadows below he announced that the Plebiscite at Donnafugata had had the following results:

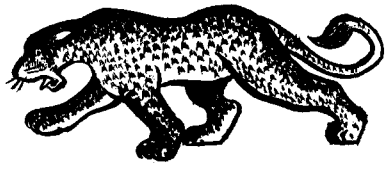
Voters listed, 515; Voted, 512; Yes, 512; No, zero.

Applause and hurrahs rose from the dark back of the square; on her little balcony Don Calogero's daughter Angelica, with her funereal maid, clapped lovely rapacious hands; speeches were made; adjectives loaded with superlatives and double consonants reverberated and echoed in the dark from one wall to another; amid the thunder of fireworks messages were sent off to the King (the new one) and to the General; a tricolor rocket or two climbed up from the village into the blackness toward the starless sky. By eight o'clock all was over, and nothing remained except the darkness as on any other night, as always.

On the top of Monte Morco all was clear now, in bright light; but deep in Don Fabrizio's heart the gloom of that night still lay stagnant. His discomfort had become more irksome, vaguer; it had no connection at all with the great matters of which the Plebiscite marked the start of a solution: the major interests of the Kingdom (of the Two Sicilies) and of his own class, his personal advantages, came through all these events battered but still lively. In the circumstances he could not well expect more. No, his discomfort was not of a political nature and must have had deeper roots, down in one of those reasons which we call irrational because they are buried under layers of self-ignorance. Italy was born in that sullen night at Donnafugata, born right there in that forgotten little town, just as much as in the sloth of Palermo or the clamor of Naples; but an evil fairy, of unknown name, must have been present; anyway Italy was born and one had to hope that she would live on in that form; any other would be worse. Agreed. And yet this persistent disquiet of his must mean something; during that too brief announcement of figures, just as during those too emphatic speeches, he had a feeling that something, someone, had died, God only knew in what corner of the country, in what corner of the popular conscience.

The cool air had dispersed Don Ciccio's somnolence; the massive grandeur of the Prince dispelled his fears; now all that remained afloat on the surface of Don Ciccio's conscience was resentment, useless of course but not ignoble. He stood there, speaking in dialect and gesticulating, a pathetic puppet who in some absurd way was right.

"I, Excellency, voted 'no.' 'No,' a hundred times 'no.' I know what you told me: necessity, unity, expediency. You were right; I know nothing of politics. Such things I leave to others. But Ciccio Tumeo is honest, poor though he may be, with his trousers in holes" (and he slapped the carefully mended patches in his shooting breeches), "and I don't forget favors done me! Those swine in the Town Hall just swallowed up my opinion, chewed it, and then spat it out transformed as they wanted. I said black and they made me say white! The one time when I could say what I thought, that bloodsucker Sedàra went and annulled it, behaved as if I never existed, as if I never meant a thing, I, Francesco Tumeo La Manna, son of Leonardo, organist of the Mother Church at Donnafugata, a better man than he is! To think I'd even dedicated to him a mazurka I composed at the birth of that . . ." (he bit his lips to rein himself in) "that mincing daughter of his!"



At this point, calm descended on Don Fabrizio, who had finally solved the enigma; now he knew who had been killed at Donnafugata, at a hundred other places, in the course of that night of dirty wind: a newborn babe, good faith; just the very child who should have been cared for most, whose strengthening would have justified all the silly vandalisms. Don Ciccio's negative vote, fifty similar votes at Donnafugata, a hun-

dred thousand "noes" in the whole Kingdom, would have had no effect on the result, would in fact have made it, if anything, more significant; and this maiming of souls would have been avoided. Six months before they used to hear a rough despotic voice saying, "Do what I say or you'll catch it!" Now there was an impression already of such a threat being replaced by the soapy tones of a moneylender: "But you signed it yourself, didn't you? Can't you see? It's quite clear. You must do as we say, for here are the I.O.U.s; your will is identical with mine."

Don Ciccio was still thundering on: "For you nobles it's different. *You* can be ungrateful about an extra estate, but *we* must be grateful for a bit of bread. It's different again for profiteers like Sedàra, with whom cheating is a law of nature. Small folk like us have to take things as they come. You know, Excellency, that my father, God rest his soul, was gamekeeper at the Royal shoot of Sant'Onofrio back in Ferdinand IV's time, when the English were here? It was a hard life, but the green Royal livery and the silver plaque conferred authority. Queen Isabella the Spaniard was Duchess of Calabria then, and it was she who had me study, let me be what I am now, organist of the Mother Church, honored by Your Excellency's kindness; when my mother sent off a petition

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Court, in our years of greatest need, back came five gold ounces, sure as death, for they were fond of us back in Naples, they knew we were decent folk and faithful subjects; when the King came he used to clap my father on the shoulder. 'Don Lionà,' he said, 'I wish we'd more like you, devoted to the Throne and to my Person.' Then the officer in attendance used to hand out the gold. Alms, they call it now, that really Royal generosity; and they call it that so as not to give any themselves; but it was a just reward for loyalty. And if those holy Kings and lovely Queens are looking down at us from heaven today, what would they say? 'The son of Don Leonardo Tumeo betrayed us!' It's lucky the truth is known in Paradise! Yes, Excellency, I know, people like you have told me, such things from royalty mean nothing, they're just part of the job. That may be true, in fact it is true. But we'd get those five gold ounces, that's a fact, and they helped us through the winter. And now that I could repay the debt my 'no' becomes a 'yes'! I used to be a 'faithful subject'; I've become a 'filthy pro-Bourbon.' "

DON FABRIZIO had always liked Don Ciccio, partly because of the compassion inspired in him by all who from youth had thought of themselves as dedicated to the arts, and in old age, realizing they had no talent, still carried on the same activity at lower levels, pocketing withered dreams; and he was also touched by the dignity of his poverty. But now he also felt a kind of admiration for him, and deep down at the very bottom of his proud conscience a voice was asking if Don Ciccio had not perhaps behaved more nobly than the Prince of Salina. And the Sedàras, all the various Sedàras, from the petty one who falsified figures at Donnafugata to the major ones at Palermo and Turin, had they not committed a crime by choking such consciences? Don Fabrizio could not know it then, but a great deal of the slackness and acquiescence for which the people of the South were to be criticized during the next decades was due to the stupid annulment of the first expression of liberty ever offered them.

Satire Comes to Broadway

MAX ASCOLI

CAN IRONY and fantasy once more be made to play a role in the public appreciation of current politics? Can it really be that political satire is finding a foothold on the stage? At least it is happening now thanks to Gore Vidal, whose satirical fictionalized reporting is a hit on Broadway.

In *The Best Man,* now playing at the Morosco, the foibles and mannerisms of three politicians still on the active list are freely caricatured. These characters move breezily through three acts; they clash with each other, and wisecrack to each other, in a way that bears no resemblance to what the three unnamed prototypes might ever have done at any given time. Yet the spectator cannot take his mind away from the prototypes: he is enthralled by the interplay between what is on his mind and the actors on the stage. To add to the fun Gore Vidal has freely scattered references to Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, and Richard Nixon throughout his script.

In his satirical fantasy, Vidal takes any number of liberties with the rules of politics. Otherwise how could he write a play? There is a murderous fight for the 1960 nomination at the Philadelphia convention. A ruthless, amoral, crudely self-centered senator has already printed but not yet released for circulation among the delegates the hospital record of his major opponent, who in the past has been briefly hospitalized for a nervous breakdown. Obviously, that senator in a hurry has never

heard of leakages to the press via gossip columnists, unauthorized spokesmen, and the like.

The victim of this vicious attack is a man of superior intelligence and of great learning—although his intelligence and learning are mostly demonstrated by his constant use of quotations and his choice of uncommon words when a simple one would do, as if he were using a Roget in reverse. The high-minded candidate is offered documentary evidence that his opponent, during the war, was badly mixed up in a homosexual ring. Here the exigencies of the dramatic plot run afoul of the politicians' behavior. It is utterly inconceivable that an aspirant to the highest office would ever let such a disgusting matter be brought to his personal attention, or would sink so low as to meet face to face first the purveyor of the sordid information and then the man whose career would be ruined if the information were given to the public. On both sides there is an astonishing absence of undercover operators and of discreet fixers whose function it is to shelter national leaders from the dirty facts of life—or of their own past. Things that normally would remain unspoken or be softly whispered are cried out at the highest pitch by would-be Presidents.

All these unlikely happenings make the action on the stage both improbable and absorbing: through the artfully blurred transparency of the plot, the spectator never stops looking at the three prototypes. True, it is difficult to imagine a politician who talks with such icy amoralism, or another who for all his human frailties is so transcendentally pure. But just these deliberate incongruities keep the audience alert, as does Gore Vidal's generous distribution of good lines among all the characters on the stage.

THE THIRD PROTAGONIST is a former President of the United States, and somehow I feel that the prototype is not to be found in Mr. Hoover. It is in this portrait that Vidal's dramatic fantasy has taken the greatest liberties; yet his former President is the character who comes most alive and to whom the most trenchant, definitive lines are given. He is a sheer technician and a practitioner of power. He has no Baptist respect for righteousness but only

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cares for the dynamism of power that keeps the nation going.

His influence at the Philadelphia convention is likely to decide which of the two contestants will get the nomination. He is about to give his endorsement to the candidate who in his opinion is a bad man but would make a strong President. Then before the curtain falls on the second act he realizes that the man is not even good at being bad and tells him, straight to his face: "I don't mind that you are a bastard, but you are a stupid bastard."

But when the other candidate, the lofty one, starts wrestling with his conscience, and shows evidence that he does not want to tarnish his soul by fighting dirt with dirt, at that point the old man has had enough: "To hell with both of you," is his testament. Vidal is kind enough to allow him to die promptly offstage.

Perhaps this is the climax toward which the play has been moving. Enough with pure conscience and synthetic amoralism on parade. Enough with self-doubting contemplation of the cup, and enough with stealing everything in sight, cup included. The old man says it: "To hell with both of you." He knows that in a few hours he will reach hell in person.

Again and again, what makes for the success of the play is its artful transparency. This is unfair to the three leading actors, who do a fine job yet still look like impostors. Melvyn Douglas is disturbingly like Melvyn Douglas, with not a trace of a receding chin. Nor is there in Lee Tracy's former President quite the bounce and sprightliness we vainly expect. The face of the ruthless senator, as played by Frank Lovejoy, is hard but not nearly hard enough, and it is not lighted by a perennial, built-in, Pepsodent smile.

We certainly can use more satire on our politics, national and international. Who is going to write a play on the summit? I don't say that Vidal should be called an Aristophanes, but surely we need some Aristophanes in our lives, perhaps even more than Platos. By laughing at our leaders, we acquire some freedom from their "images" and reduce them to size. This will be good for all of us, and particularly for them, the leaders.

*Three new volumes are now available in "The most comprehensive inquiry ever undertaken into what constitutes [this] miraculous and unique community."**

New York Metropolitan Region Study

NY MR

Directed by Raymond Vernon and edited by Max Hall

Immediately after the first NEW YORK METROPOLITAN REGION STUDY volume appeared last fall, HARRISON SALISBURY* of the *New York Times* noted: "When this series of studies has been completed it may be possible for the first time intelligently to understand the vast forces that have created the New York metropolitan community and that are transforming it in current years almost beyond recognition."

The sixth volume in this essential series will be issued in May. Your bookseller will be glad to fill your orders.

New Volumes

Wages In The Metropolis

By Martin Segal. After analyzing the influence of wages, fringe benefits, and unions on the location and type of industrial activity in the Region, this book compares labor's characteristics with those of areas competing against New York. *Just published.* $4.75

Money Metropolis

By Sidney M. Robbins, Nestor E. Terleckyj, with the collaboration of Ira O. Scott, Jr. An appraisal of the prospective growth, locations, and activities of New York's financial institutions — and a forecast of their place in the nation's financial organization in the years 1965, 1975 and 1985. *Just published.* $5.00

Freight And The Metropolis

By Benjamin Chinitz. Under the impact of America's transport revolutions, the Region's shipping and manufacturing have undergone considerable change. Here is an assessment of present conditions, and an intensive discussion of trends. *Coming May 16.* $4.50

Already Published

ANATOMY OF A METROPOLIS $6.00
MADE IN NEW YORK $4.75
THE NEWCOMERS $4.00

A brochure describing all nine volumes in the complete series is available from Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Federal Government and Metropolitan Areas

By Robert H. Connery and Richard H. Leach

The "explosion" of the American metropolis is a major problem of our time. This volume focuses upon Federal programs in housing, highways, airports, military installations, water and sewage. It analyzes metropolitan needs and suggests ways in which officials may give and receive information and assistance. A Governmental Affairs Institute Publication. $4.75

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

- Is CHINA outstripping Russia?
- How fast is CHINA growing?
- What is life in CHINA like?
- How strong or dangerous is CHINA?

40 scholars researched and wrote this first book of its kind

CHINA

Its People, Its Society, Its Culture

by Chang-tu Hu and others

Never before has such a comprehensive, unbiased and complete survey of present-day China been attempted. Just published in April, CHINA incorporates the work of some 40 Chinese and American scholars assembled by the Human Relations Area Files—a research organization at Yale whose membership includes 18 major universities. CHINA answers all vital questions and examines all aspects—history, politics, economics, social structure, languages, science, education, religion, attitudes. Sixth volume in the Survey of World Cultures published by the HRAF Press. 45-page biblio, 7 maps, 14 plates, 20 tables and 610 pp. $10

"This massive résumé of present-day China should find a large market among scholars and others interested in the East politically, economically or diplomatically."—from a pre-publication Forecast in *Publishers' Weekly*.

Order this HUMAN RELATIONS AREA FILES PRESS book from your bookstore or from TAPLINGER PUBLISHING CO., INC., *Distributors* 119 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #6

T	O	O	L	■	H	I	S	T	R	I	O	N	I	C
■	I	■	O	■	E	■	U	■	E	■	C	■	N	■
C	L	I	N	G	I	N	G	■	P	I	C	O	T	S
■	E	■	G	■	R	■	A	■	R	■	U	■	E	■
A	D	M	I	T	■	F	R	E	E	P	R	E	S	S
■	■	■	T	■	U	■	Y	■	S	■	■	■	T	■
O	P	P	U	G	N	S	■	S	E	V	E	R	A	L
■	R	■	D	■	D	■	■	■	N	■	N	■	T	■
J	E	Z	E	B	E	L	■	S	T	A	R	T	E	D
■	S	■	■	■	R	■	P	■	S	■	A	■	■	■
D	I	F	F	I	C	U	L	T	■	A	P	T	E	R
■	D	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	P	■	X	■
T	E	N	U	T	O	■	A	M	B	R	O	S	I	A
■	N	■	M	■	E	■	S	■	I	■	R	■	L	■
S	T	O	P	S	T	R	E	E	T	■	T	H	E	W

Acrostician—

CHARLES DE GAULLE

EUROPE

We'll see the usual plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips. Budget priced.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS

255 Sequoia, Box R Pasadena, California

Not With a Bang . . .

FRED GRUNFELD

STOCKHOLM

THE END OF THE WORLD sells out regularly at the Royal Opera here. Based on a volume of one hundred and three poems by the major Swedish writer Harry Martinson, Karl-Birger Blomdahl's two-act opera *Aniara* is modestly subtitled "A revue of mankind in space-time," but its basic purpose is to slap our civilization in the face, as a rebuke of mankind in the here and now. The future that it prophesies is so shattering that when the curtain falls, audiences can hardly bring themselves to applaud.

The *Aniara*, a giant spaceship equipped with every conceivable comfort and convenience, carries eight thousand emigrants bound from Earth—now called Doris—to Mars, a planet not yet ravaged by the man-made "phototurb" that has blighted their homeland. An efficient dictatorship, devoted to the principle of strength through joy, runs the *Aniara* with the aid of a hard corps of space cadets.

The entertainment facilities for passengers would do credit to the largest hotels in Miami Beach. Naturally, like the people of other mass migrations, they have brought along their native customs and folkways. In the dance halls, the masses jump and shuffle to the frenetic Yurg, a direct descendant of the Charleston.

Before long, however, the *Aniara* runs into a swarm of Leonids and is thrown violently off course. Her navigators calculate that with the steering gear damaged, they will neither be able to reach Mars nor return to Doris. Henceforth they are doomed to hurtle relentlessly out of our solar system and toward the distant constellation of Lyra. Chefone I, the *Aniara's* dictator, can only reassure the emigrants that they have a lifetime of travel ahead of them, and that the ship is well supplied for their journey. Measured on the galactic yardstick of space, the chief astronomer explains, their progress will be as infinitesimal as that of an air bubble in a crystal bowl. The passengers resume their confounded *contredanses*. Their luxury liner has suddenly become a small package of life surrounded by a vast void of death.

THE ONLY pure and unselfish spirit aboard the *Aniara* belongs to Mima, an electronic brain center who is easily the most fascinating prop—or should I say character?—ever encountered in an opera. Mima functions as both guide and oracle; she harvests thoughts from the farthest extensions of the universe; she uses the senses of human beings like an antenna and then projects her findings through the medium of her attending engineer, the Mimarobe. For her, the hours, months, and days are but the rags of time, and she takes the form of a giant free-form hourglass that measures "in a dimension other than earth-bound time." To her ultimate undoing, Mima has acquired some of her designers' less functional attributes—she has a soul and a conscience, and can thus experience human doubt as well as technological certainty.

Blomdahl has solved the musical problem posed by such an unlikely operatic personage with a brilliant stroke of theater: Mima speaks with a voice of *musique concrète* on several "Mimabands" of stereophonic tape. These brief episodes cover an

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enormous range of plangent sonorities and mysterious rhythmic arrangements. Such filtered and metamorphosed tones have appeared in "tapesichord" music before, but they have never had a more appropriate and dramatic context. Mima's tape arias are not intended merely as abstract evocations of a world slightly ahead of us in time and just around the next bend in space; Blomdahl uses them as descriptive or program music of the most extraordinary kind. Where Hector Berlioz might interpolate a "Royal Hunt" sequence in which the horns sound from afar, or where Wagner's Siegfried goes clattering off on an orchestral Rhine journey, Blomdahl has invented the electronic tone poem of the future.

At last, through "walls of fathomless crystalline space," Mima is obliged to report the total destruction of Earth. With her powers of projection, she "materializes" two witnesses of the final disaster back home on Doris. One of them describes his ordeal to the assembled passengers:

"The worst sound I heard was inaudible.
Why, yes, just when my eardrums burst
Came, like the sigh of moanful sedge, the last noise . . ."

And the final message from Doris, translated by the Mimarobe, is a greeting from the Disintegrated One: "'Tis always an ordeal to be blasted asunder . . ."

At the beginning of Act II, Mima sings her electronic swan song and dies of technoemotional exhaustion, for the destruction of Doris has undermined her will to function. Her benign influence is sorely missed in the decades that follow. Since the passengers have nowhere to go, they also have nothing to do beyond refining their religious cults and inventing new schisms. A decadent form of Yurg still flourishes in the dance hall after twenty years, and the space cadets continue to sing their brave old marching songs. Understandably enough, however, their morale has reached a point of diminishing return. The very years have lost their meaning in an environment without season or sunrise. As Martinson sees it, "Nothing

This is a KLH coil, held by a KLH hand.
The quality of the coil contributes to the quality of KLH speaker systems.
The quality of the coil depends on the skill and patience of the hand.
KLH has good hands.

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

Literature describing and explaining KLH speaker systems, with the name of your nearest franchised KLH dealer, is available on request.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains for them but emptiness. They are a race that demanded everything and got it. The celestial heavens they have likewise impoverished; all that the gods have left to bestow on them is death." The *Aniara's* end is danced by Isagel, the celestial woman pilot who has not uttered a word during the entire journey, for she expresses herself only in undulant mime-dances beautifully created by Sweden's leading modern choreographer, Birgit Akesson.

BLOMDAHL, now in his mid-forties, has clearly profited from the major influences of modern European music—Stravinsky, Hindemith, Schönberg, and Varèse. He brings his seasoned, eclectic style to bear on *Aniara* with the skill of a virtuoso and the structural certainty of an architect.

No opera on the stage today makes fewer concessions to the public preference for Puccini's vocal line. Nearly all successful operas of recent years have dealt with problems of the individual soul, as witness *Peter Grimes, The Rake's Progress,* and *The Medium,* among others. *Aniara* is a collective opera, concerned with the chorus of humanity and with those individuals who stand out either because they manipulate the group or come into conflict with it. Working in close collaboration with Erik Lindegren, another outstanding Swedish poet, Blomdahl has woven fragments of the Martinson poems into a unified and practicable libretto that provides a dozen opportunities for doing new things with new materials. In the ecstasy of her visions, for example, the blind poetess who heads the new Cult of Light is so overcome with fervor that she too can no longer communicate in speech. Blomdahl has given her a vocalise—a song without words—with meaning on two levels: remembering the simple joys of her earthly birthplace, she hums fragments of an old folk tune, but intermittently, as the visions seize her, she reaches into the extremes of the coloratura range for startling leaps and shrill cries of exultation.

The dramatic flaw in *Aniara* seems unavoidable under the circumstances. Once death takes the helm in the second act, the tragedy goes on without real conflict, without suspense, without hope. With all his musical skill, Blomdahl has been only partially successful in offsetting the inexorable sameness of setting and mood. Yet he has tempered the ending of his opera with at least a faint suggestion of hope for mankind. As he explained to me recently: "The last thing you hear from the *Aniara* is the voice of the poetess; it comes as from a dungeon, but still it floats out over everything. She represents the timeless qualities of the human mind, and that is the last thing to disappear."

HARRY MARTINSON, whose tough and shrewd appraisal of the world was responsible for the warning voyage of the *Aniara,* also hopes against hope, although his volume of poems expressses his "fears for the future, when the god of 'effectivity' will reign unchecked. . . ." "I took the *Aniara* so far from Earth because otherwise I couldn't get a proper perspective on our time," he told me. "I wanted to give people a view they couldn't get in the newspapers."

His book of space poems, published by Bonniers, has already sold more copies in Sweden than most best-selling novels, and is now being translated into English. The opera, too, will soon appear in English and German versions. The Hamburg Opera is presenting *Aniara* this season, and the Zurich Opera will follow suit shortly. The Stockholm production will be seen in London later this year, and the Metropolitan Opera has shown signs of interest. The American conductor Werner Janssen, who scored an LP first with Prokofiev's *War and Peace,* has already recorded the complete Swedish version of *Aniara,* with Swedish principals and Viennese orchestra and chorus: the album should be available in the United States this year.

As modern operas go, *Aniara* is safely launched. But it will serve its purpose only if international audiences do more than go home and dance the Yurg after the curtain falls. Therefore, do not send to know who is on the passenger list of the *Aniara;* there is a berth prepared for thee.

RECORD NOTES

BRENDAN BEHAN SINGS IRISH FOLKSONGS and BALLADS. (*Spoken Arts, $5.95.*)

Brendan Behan, the Irish playwright, novelist, and gentle roarer, is heard, as if in a pub, in what may be the most informal song recital ever recorded. ("You never heard anyone blowing their nose on a record before; I can tell you that. That's what they call the national catarrh.") Behan sings without accompaniment, and his strong if slightly ragged voice carries a tune with exuberant confidence. He also explains the backgrounds of the songs with an irreverence that he clearly relishes, interrupts the tunes to digress into history, and occasionally plunges into Irish.

Except for a fifteenth-century Irish love song, these are latter-day topical ballads, and hardly folksongs at all. There are several boastful Irish Republican Army airs from the time of "the Trouble" and a number of songs invented—their lyrics anyway—by Behan himself. Sentimentally out of context is a tribute to Roosevelt ("We liked him more than he did us"), followed by "Home on the Range" in the accents of Dublin. The transitions between songs, stories, and reminiscences of prison and boyhood are apt to be arbitrary. The most graphic connective is: "There's a saying in Dublin—'Carry on with the coffin, for the corpse will walk.' "

Arthur Klein, who produced the record, observes of Behan in the notes that "His plays . . . and his stories are full of songs and ballads. They play an integral part of every scene because they form an integral part of Behan's daily life." Or, as Behan describes his field work, "I didn't go around chasing citizens to do these songs. I just heard them."

THE COLUMBIA WORLD LIBRARY OF FOLK AND PRIMITIVE MUSIC: ENGLAND. (*Columbia* SL-206, *$4.98.*)

SONGS FROM THE DEPRESSION, sung by the New Lost City Ramblers: Mike Seeger, John Cohen, Tom Paley. (*Folkways, $5.95.*)

The most ambitious folk-music project ever undertaken by a major label is Columbia's World Library under the general editorship of Alan Lomax. The English volume

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is composed largely of field recordings assembled by the BBC, although there are some collected by Lomax himself. During the 1950's Lomax was the principal agent in reminding the British that their folk-music heritage was not yet extinct. As he notes in this set, the coming of the Industrial Revolution and the movement of villagers into city slums closed off much of the folk tradition, but many small villages did keep "dances and ceremonies alive which recall pagan rites or the pageantry of the middle ages"; and the English yeoman "created scores of new songs and shanties about his work and roared them out in the pub, the national refuge from works managers and moralists."

Lomax's English set also includes a variety of country dances, a section of a pagan May Day survival in Padstow, children's games and rhymes, and part of a Christmas mummers' play. A rare voice is that of the late Phil Tanner, who was eighty-seven in 1947 when he died in a workhouse where "the paupers

yawned over his best ballads." Once considered the best English traditional singer, Tanner is heard in three performances here, including a wordless tour de force during which he "diddles" the music for a hornpipe in place of a fiddler.

This cross section roams all over England from Bristol seamen's chanteys to grim weavers' songs. One song began with nineteenth-century English villagers who came to town to work in the mills and found a new life full of "rigs" (fixes, deals, swindles). Recorded in a pub in Norfolk, the song says:

"No wonder that butter be a shilling a pound
Seeing the rich farmer's daughters how they ride up and down
If you ask them the reason they'll say 'Oh, alas!
There's a French war and the cows have no grass."

A counterpart from the American hillbillies' experiences in the 1920's is "Serves Them Fine," from Folkways' *Songs from the Depression*:

"Lots of people with a good free will
Sold their homes and move to the mill
We'll have lots of money they said
But everyone got hell instead
It was fun in the mountains a-rolling logs
But now when the whistle blows we run like dogs."

This Folkways album has been made by the most intriguing group of city-billy revivalists in the current folksong renaissance, the New Lost City Ramblers. Their research consists of studying the hundreds of 1925-1935 commercial records—as well as scores of Library of Congress discs—by such pungent hillbilly groups as the Fruit Jar Drinkers, the Skillet Lickers, and Dr. Smith's Champion Horse-Hair Pullers.

In their third Folkways album they re-create the way the American "time of trouble" was sung about in "commercial recordings, mostly from the South, and field recordings such as those collected during the Farm Resettlement Program which have ended up in the files of the Library of Congress . . . They don't offer pretty dreams to take the mind away from the problems of reality, neither do they attempt to offer much of a solution to the problem. Rather they offer a way of living through and dealing with the actuality of the times."

There are twanging religious songs, which promise "There'll Be No Distinction There" in a vision of heaven that also includes surcease for a perennial travail of life on earth ("No aggravating women there to boss the men around/ When we enter into heaven, we will wear a golden crown"). Included are anti-Hoover songs and the bibulously optimistic "Franklin D. Roosevelt's Back Again" ("Since Roosevelt's been elected, moonshine liquor's been corrected/ We've got Franklin D.

"Tells a very interesting story of a controversial subject with fairness and frankness."
—James A. Farley

A CATHOLIC RUNS FOR PRESIDENT
Edmund A. Moore

This absorbing book is a balanced historical account of Al Smith's campaign struggle against a relentless undercurrent of anti-Catholic propaganda, often bound up with a whole series of other biases. Contemporary documents show how Smith bore the brunt of religious prejudice, how he was deliberately represented as the champion of new city-bred, immigrant-American standards. Written by a distinguished historian, this book underscores the campaign's significant implications for the present day.
"An intelligent and readable analysis of a campaign of great importance . . ."—Arthur S. Schlesinger, Jr. *1956. 12 ills.; 220 pp.* $3.50

"There is no doubt that this book fills a great need. . . ."
—Vice President Richard Nixon

CAN CAPITALISM COMPETE?
Raymond W. Miller

Constructive approaches to the crucial problem of selling modern American capitalism against the pressures of world communism. The author bases his recommendations on talks with foreign statesmen, business leaders, educators, merchants, and workers. He shows clearly the concerted effort necessary if we are to overcome appalling ignorance and serious misunderstanding among the uncommitted peoples of the world. A practical program of concrete action for individuals and organizations at every level.
"The author's emphasis on the necessity of understanding the revolutionary changes which have taken place in American capitalism, and of disseminating them elsewhere in the world, is very urgent."—Erwin D. Canham, *The Christian Science Monitor. 1959. 264 pp.* $4.50

"Few works deal with a subject of more immediate importance to the American people."
—Senator John L. McClellan

POWER UNLIMITED—THE CORRUPTION OF UNION LEADERSHIP
Sylvester Petro

A page-by-page study of the McClellan Committee Record, this documented book sets forth the urgent case for labor reform with shocking clarity. A noted labor law authority demonstrates how each incident revealed before the Committee fits into a pattern of violence and corruption directly traceable to the privilege and excessive powers allowed the unions by one-sided labor regulations. The author's remedies are hard-hitting and aimed at restoring freedom of individual choice and equity in collective bargaining.
"Professor Petro has performed a distinguished public service." — Henry Hazlitt. *1959. 323 pp.* $5.00

At bookstores or from:
THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th St., New York 10

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt back again"). Other depression airs include Okie tunes ("Keep Moving"), the bitter "Taxes on the Farmer Feeds Us All," and a paean to Dr. Francis Townsend:

"When our old age pension check comes to our door
Dear old grandma won't be lonesome any more
She'll be waiting at the gate
Every night she'll have a date
When her old age pension check comes to our door."

An accompanying booklet contains full texts, a discography of the original recordings, and for the youngest city-billies, an explanation of such exotic terms as NRA and CCC.

JEAN RITCHIE FIELD TRIP. **(Available through George Pickow, 7A Locust Avenue, Port Washington, New York, *$5*.)**

FIELD TRIP—ENGLAND, **collected by Jean Ritchie and George Pickow. (*Folkways* FW 8871, *$5.95*.)**

Complementing the Lomax tour are two superior albums made by Kentucky-born folk singer Jean Ritchie as the product of a Fulbright grant to study English folk music. Much of *Jean Ritchie Field Trip* contrasts various British performers' versions of traditional songs with those Miss Ritchie learned in the

Cumberland Mountains from her family. There are, for example, Scottish, Irish, and American versions of "Barbara Allen." *Field Trip—England* on Folkways presents a wider range of British song and dance, including church bells, a little girl explaining how to play "Orange and Lemon," the strongly melodious Northumbrian small pipes, which are much more mellow than the more familiar Scottich bagpipes, and finally the Empingham handbell ringers, a group of seven men who have been meeting for years to ring bells. They ought to invite Mr. Behan some evening.

—NAT HENTOFF

BOOKS

Drawing Blood

ALFRED KAZIN

GOLK, **by Richard G. Stern. *Criterion*. *$3.95*.**
CAIN'S BOOK, **by Alexander Trocchi. *Grove*. *$3.95*.**
A SEPARATE PEACE, **by John Knowles. *Macmillan*. *$3.50*.**

Some years ago a horribly bright man in New York introduced hidden microphones and cameras into shops, and posing as the man behind the counter, provoked unwitting customers into making a public record of their gullibility, fits of temper, and the like. Most people remain passive in watching these always similar and feeble exercises in sadism (called "psychology"), but Richard Stern has made literary use of this and has blown up the limited and rather drab convention of sneaky exposure into a satire on the incoherent ambitions now raging in the intellectual-crowded and pretentious world of television.

IN MR. STERN'S highly playful novel, a grotesquely bald little television producer, self-named Golk, turns the sneak exposure (itself called a "golk") into a nationally known horror instrument, a *1984*-ish intrusion that strikes without warning into the lives of anyone and everyone. Yet Golk himself is not petty but professional-minded and naïvely pseudo-Toynbee in the fashion of Madison Avenue. Starting with a psychologist's detached fascination at the "pure look" of terror on the face of someone who is told that he has undergone a golk, Golk himself moves from obvious subjects for his hidden camera—"people opening letters informing them that they'd been fired, children at the beach seeing their pails and shovels disappearing in the grip of sea monsters, women noticing suicidal types balanced on their living-room ledges"—to the exposure of wicked men in power.

As he sips his drink from a terrace overlooking the U.N. Building, Golk explain to a young man and woman who now work for him (each was originally the victim of a golk) that he has been reading Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, has become deeply impressed with Marx and Engels, and like them has learned to see his work as a force to change the world. "We're going to vault the barrier, spring the cage. We're going to instruct, reform. We're going to be the education of the audience . . . demonstrators, dramatizers, the portrayers of corruption, connivance, of the tone and temper of the world they live in and don't understand." The young man protests that so deliberate and violent an effort at social influence can never work, that real intellectual distinction is achieved only by those who study things for their own sake. "Try and be a big man in the marketplace," he tells Golk, "and you'll end up chewing dirt. . . . in the marketplace . . . it's the appearance rather than the actuality of worth that counts." But Golk, inflamed with his own success, flatters himself that "In my nose abuse and bad power and dumbness and harsh force itch and smell, and I think that displaying them in our little golks would be a great blow at them." He manages to expose the pompous Assistant to the President, an important lobbyist, and a famous gangster; then his boss gets alarmed at what is happening and eases him out of television.

WHAT I LIKE about Mr. Stern's fantasy is that it has been conceived and written with so much gaiety. Far from a political melodrama, it reminds me of a René Clair movie, and even the surrealist touches needed to bring out the power and pretense of the television industry are funny rather than symbolically grim. When the head of the network, a Dr. Parisak, wishes to entertain, glasses of gin and tonic emerge at his bidding from nowhere, and when a conference with

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his underlings is over, he literally disappears from sight. The book is full of funny little movie touches suitable to so weird an operation on our privacy as a golk, and it is the constant *unbelievability* of the new glass-and-steel New York, the increasing and hilarious irresponsibility that a single person must feel in the mesh of anything so powerful as television, that fills the book with the sound of so much private laughter.

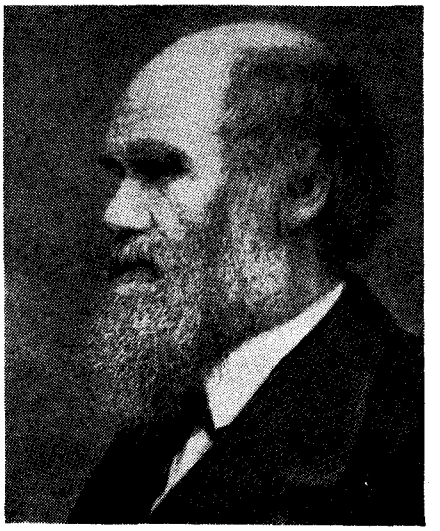
On the other hand, and alas, Mr. Stern, though very witty, is also a bit academic in his jokes. His book leaves one not only unsettled but untouched; some of the high jinks and the off-beat love scenes are stamped with donnish sophistication instead of farce, and there is something unnecessarily smudged and offhand about certain scenes.

STILL, I prefer Mr. Stern's witty performance to the rather self-conscious literary journal that makes up Alexander Trocchi's *Cain's Book*. It is extremely well written in a derivative sort of way, but its matter is essentially as dim as the mind of its hero, a junkie who negligently works as a barge captain in New York Harbor while trying to become a writer.

Drug addiction as a subject for literature has its points, as the *poètes maudits* (with whom Mr. Trocchi consciously affiliates himself) have shown; for these poets it produced a heightened consciousness, a delicious sense of "hallucination," that gave them a sudden mystical intimacy with the universe. These enlarged possibilities of "knowledge," for which writers have always valued drugs as they have valued alcohol, primitive nature, and lovemaking, now seem out of date. What the sophisticated junkies in *Cain's Book* value is protection from the total disorder of the time, inviolability, playing it "cool." Though the hero, Joe Necchi, identifies himself with Cain (as Lord Byron did)—the outsider, the killer, the immoralist—he is really interested only in keeping his own spirits up, and warding off a world that may hurt him. Joe notes the point himself: he complains that when talking to a fellow addict, Fay, "you have the impression you are speaking to the secretary of her personal secretary. There is no question of her being capped. It's a religion for her and she is the only member of the church. . . . It becomes more and more difficult to get through to her. . . . You have the impression you are in touch with an answering service, that Fay herself is not speaking to you . . ."

There are many interesting descriptions of addiction in this book, and one particular scene, at a junkie gathering in Greenwich Village, when a young mother with a baby in one arm handles the needle with another, that stands out in its concrete detail. But because the novel deals with inert people and inarticulate sensation, the author himself has to do all the thinking for his characters; the book becomes essentially a literary essay, an exploration of the hero's remembering and ideas. What I got from Mr. Trocchi's book were not characters, not scenes of dramatic interest and significance, but the usual expressions of alienation from the whole world by the usual self-centered intellectual. There is one difference: Mr. Trocchi happens to be British rather than American, and coming from a scantier, more rigid, more traditionalist society, he really has something to rebel against, and so is not simply awash in self-pity and half-finished sentences. He writes extremely well, and as a statement of the late-romantic position as of 1960, his book is eminently quotable. But there is not a surprise in it, and I never felt for a moment that I was butting my head against anything more concrete than the usual self-induced literary depravity.

JOHN KNOWLES'S *A Separate Peace* is far more traditional a novel than the foregoing books, and as one would expect from the advanced tributes by such exquisite stylists as E. M. Forster, Truman Capote, and Angus Wilson, it is most carefully composed. It is a novel which I seem to have read before, for it talks of two young men in a highly select prep school, and beginning in an elegiac mood among the old school elms, suggests an unexpressible attachment. But still, when it moves into the story proper of Gene Forrester's sudden moment of hatred for



Darwin's contribution,
Darwin's future:
the historic papers of
the University of Chicago
Darwin Centennial Celebration

EVOLUTION AFTER DARWIN

Sol Tax, Editor

Because this unique symposium, assembling fifty leading scientists from nine nations, aroused world-wide interest, its comprehensive survey of developments and discoveries since *The Origin of Species* is now being offered to the public in permanent form. EVOLUTION AFTER DARWIN contains both the texts of the symposium's forty-four papers and transcripts of its five panel discussions: The Origin and Nature of Life, The Evolution of Life, Man as a Biological Organism, The Origin and Nature of Mind, and Social and Cultural Evolution.

Volumes I and II – THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE: *Its Origin, History and Future* and THE EVOLUTION OF MAN: *Mind, Culture and Society* – will be published this month. Vol. III, ISSUES IN EVOLUTION, which includes a comprehensive index, will complete the three volume set in the fall.

Volumes I and II are priced at $10.00 each, and volume III at $7.50.

The complete set of three volumes may be ordered now at a special price of $25.00 for delivery as published, either through your bookstore or by means of this coupon.

RESERVE YOUR FIRST-EDITION SET TODAY

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS Dept. R-4
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37, Ill.

Please reserve my first-edition volumes of EVOLUTION AFTER DARWIN at the special price of $25.00, to be mailed as published.

☐ Check for $25.00 enclosed (no shipping charge)

☐ Bill me $25.00 plus shipping when 1st Vol. is shipped.

Please send me only Vol. .....

☐ I enclose $..... ☐ Bill me.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone...State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the noble savage 1

includes, among fourteen works of fiction, poetry, and reportage, the following:

And Hickman Arrives,
RALPH ELLISON

The Self-Made Brain Surgeon
MARK HARRIS

How to Tell the Beatniks from the Hipsters
HERBERT GOLD

THE NOBLE SAVAGE, a Meridian Periodical, is available at all bookstores. $1.50

MERIDIAN BOOKS INC.
12 East 22 Street, New York 10

Vincent Sheean's
intimate portrait of the enigmatic man who plays one of the most crucial roles in world tensions today

NEHRU
THE YEARS OF POWER
By the author of *Lead Kindly Light* $5.00,
RANDOM HOUSE

#1 book of the year.
—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE*

The Phenomenon of Man
By PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN
in *The Observer* (London)
$5.00 at all bookstores HARPER

the hero of the school, the untroubled and athletic Phineas—a moment that will cost Phineas his life—the book attains a dignity of workmanship, an immersion in imagined fact, above all an effect of development, that are superb and memorable. It is odd these days to come on a first novel so thoroughly rounded out and finished off, in which the language of the book and the rhythms of the story are so cleanly worked out. The narrator of *Cain's Book* says, in his theoretical way, that writing "which is not ostensibly self-conscious is in a vital way inauthentic for our time," and Mr. Knowles, in the handling of his "significance," in the pointed shaping and slanting of his material, shows that he is self-conscious enough to suit our age. Yet in the course of *A Separate Peace* the author manages to lose himself in his story; the characters break away from his discretion and shaping, attain a felt and almost unreachable life of their own.

The Old Language of the Young

GEORGE STEINER

THE LORE AND LANGUAGE OF SCHOOLCHILDREN, by Iona and Peter Opie. *Oxford. $8.*

The language of children is full of paradox. It is tenaciously conservative: a riddle that schoolboys still pose to each other today is recorded in a book printed in 1478. At the same time, it is immensely receptive to novelty: "Davy Crockett," launched on the radio at the beginning of 1956, entered children's lore in a hundred variants some of which spread from Scotland to Australia in a matter of weeks. It is a language rich in ferocity and insult: "Say soap, Pull the rope," sing the little girls of Newcastle when pulling a victim's hair. Yet it is full also of talismans and precautionary spells against the dangers of the world: there is little in common between the English town of Loughton and Pasadena, but in both children know that if you see a haycart and wish, your wish will come true, provided you don't see the back of it: "Load of hay, load of hay, Make a wish and turn away." And no one but a fool is unaware that seeing one magpie is a portent of sorrow. Essentially, the language of children is an act of enclosure, a wall built against the control and scrutiny of the adults. It guards ancient rights and superstitions. It expresses the complex pecking order of the schoolyard and preserves, like the secret writing of the Egyptian priesthood, a body of traditional lore.

There is no more fatal trap for the novelist or playwright than the speech of young children. Neither Dickens nor Dostoevsky, who tried repeatedly, ever got it entirely right. Perhaps Mark Twain came nearest; but his eloquent heroes are on the verge of maturity and the root of their speech is personal invention rather than a set and intricate tradition. If anyone has gained right of trespass into the child's garden of words it is Iona and Peter Opie. They have spent eight years gaining the confidence of some five thousand schoolchildren in England, Scotland, and Wales. They have collected their chants, their riddles, their stock repartee, and their abundant slang. They have recorded the seasonal pranks and initiation rites that modern boys and girls perform with hardly an intimation of their great antiquity (the May Day ritual believed in by an eleven-year-old girl at Penrith was practiced by Catherine of Aragon in 1515, and may have prehistoric precedent).

THE MOST intricate part of a child's language is that which enshrines or enforces the code of oral law. The behavior of a pack of schoolchildren gives an impression of spontaneous frenzy. But in fact the tumult is governed by gestures and rules of procedure as complex and firmly established as those of medieval combat. Oaths are taken with terrifying invocations: when a Penrith boy says "Cush man" to af-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firm a promise, he means, "May man be cursed if it is not true." Children know, as did the lawmakers of the early medieval period when they designed trials by ordeal, that falsehood will bring a cruel blister to the tongue. Precedence is as jealously claimed as at any royal court.

No terms are more crucial or varied than those with which schoolchildren demand momentary truce or sanctuary in the midst of a fight or a game. The Opies divide Great Britain into nine major truce-term areas, in each of which there are manifold local variants. The word "barley," which is used to obtain respite in eastern Scotland, northwestern England, the west Midlands, and in all but the southeast corner of Wales, appears in a fourteenth-century alliterative poem. "Crosses," the term prevalent in northeast Lincolnshire, obviously goes back to the medieval belief in the protective powers of the Cross. And one cannot help wondering whether the use of "keys" in Cumberland and western Scotland does not conceal some ancient remembrance of ecclesiastical sanctuary.

The degree of local singularity is fascinating. In the same school, at Knighton, some children use "cree" while others shout "barley!" It turns out that the boundary between two language areas cuts directly across the school district.

WILL this rich, intensely localized inheritance of speech and lore be eroded by mass media of communication and by the leveling of social and regional distinctions? Have the Opies produced the kind of record which is assembled by anthropologists when they set down the language and myths of some dying tribe? It is hard to tell. In the United States, the process of erosion is discernible. Schools have a less pronounced identity than they do in England and play a smaller role in children's lives. Families move frequently from area to area, finding nearly everywhere a similar neon culture. The roots of local history are shallow in all but New England and certain regions of the South. There is not that delight in language characteristic of older literacies. Above all, there are the great pressures toward unformity in the system of public education and in the middle-class way of life. These pressures exist in England also, but there are strong barriers to them. The English school continues to shape the man. And although it is a small country, regional distinctions remain assertive. No measure of mechanical change, moreover, can eradicate the fact of ancientness. Television aerials bristle on the village roofs, but the street below winds its medieval way and boys from that school fought boys from this one centuries ago.

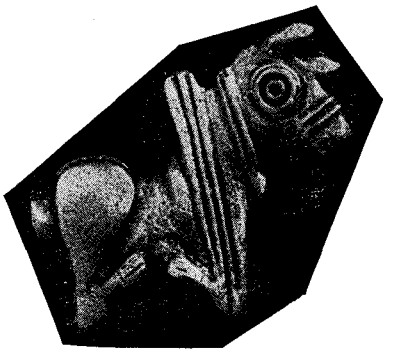
Thus the language of schoolchildren can absorb elements from the new mass culture without at the same time losing its traditional identity. New lyrics are fitted to the old tunes. The tragedy of Mickey Mouse—

"Mickey Mouse is dead,
He died last night in bed.
He cut his throat
With a ten bob note"—

earlier befell President Kruger of the Boer Transvaal Republic and was recounted before that of Jack the Ripper. Boris Karloff, Sally Rand, Charlie Chaplin, and Shirley Temple have entered the repertoire of topical rhymes. Little girls skipping rope in Scarborough sing "Deanna Durbin lost her turban In a pool of water." Probably their great-granddaughters will be singing it still when Miss Durbin's identity is as vague as that of Jack Horner. Like barnacles on a sunken hull, the old rhymes grow over the new reference.

This vitality of tradition is important. The child's habit of law and precedent depends on it. It gives him reserves of feeling on which to draw under the stress of later crisis. The remembrance of a language and of particular customs private to himself and a small group of his peers gives him a kind of ballast against later temptations of mass hysteria. The deep-rooted tree holds in the high wind. When inquiring into the fantastic variety of truce terms, the Opies asked the boys in an East London school what word they used when during a fight they wanted to give in. It turned out that there was no such word. There is a history of England in that omission.

REPRODUCTIONS OF
ANCIENT
JEWELRY
NEW CATALOGUE



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, New York 28, N.Y.
Please send a copy of the Museum's new catalogue of jewelry reproductions to me at the address below. Enclosed is ten cents.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Francisco de los Cobos
Secretary of the Emperor Charles V
By Hayward Keniston

"Charles V was the center of the known world; the most powerful person in it because of his possessions and his influence. His kin—sisters, cousins, uncles, and the rest—were queens or kings of Austria, Portugal, France, Italy, Hungary, England, Poland, Denmark. Cobos was close to the center; and he watched what went on and judged it shrewdly and often helped to guide events . . . It is a clear, vivid, wide-spacing, detailed, learned, firmly-based history . . ."
Percival Hunt
Professor Emeritus of English
University of Pittsburgh

April, 1960 — 463 pp., endpaper maps, illustrations, bibliog., appendices, index.
$7.50

University of Pittsburgh Press
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goodbye, Mr. Copeland

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

COPEY OF HARVARD: A BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND, by J. Donald Adams. Illustrated. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

The tributes to Mr. Copeland from eminent graduates of his course in English composition at Harvard which Mr. Adams has joined to his excellent narrative read as if prepared for a class album dedicated to "my favorite teacher." They are somewhat embarrassing. True, there are dissidents among the contributors. T. S. Eliot seems unable to recall that he received any particular benefit from Mr. Copeland's course; in another order of literary achievement, Corliss Lamont was "spiritually repelled by that egotism." Conrad Aiken considered Dean Briggs a far greater teacher of English and "of course a greater man." Van Wyck Brooks learned more from Irving Babbitt. But a majority seemed to have spent their bright college years calling their teacher "Copey" and their postgraduate years discovering, with suitable modesty, how good they are and how much they owe him. From him they learned, for instance, how to avoid abuse of the definite and indefinite articles, how to put first things first in the opening sentence, how to hold always to the immediacy of things seen and the drive of action, how to avoid sentimentality and even, it might appear, the dangers of contemplation. A list of these graduates fills nearly two pages in the book. Reluctantly one must note that some of them are not particularly literary figures. They and others who never went to Harvard formed the Charles Townsend Copeland Association, an appreciative body that listened to Mr. Copeland's famous readings at the Harvard Club in New York and conspired to bring pressure on Harvard University to grant well-deserved promotion to their hero. The members of this association, who always insisted on Mr. Copeland's reading their old favorites, seem like "old grads"—a term Harvard does not use—of the kind of college Harvard affects to despise, James Thurber characters reunited in a desperate attempt to recapture their youth. Unhappily one sees them, and unhappily Mr. Adams presents them, as awaiting Mr. Copeland's complaint about the opened window and the draught, his admonitory glare at the latecomer looking for a seat, and then, at last, contentedly exposed to his extraordinarily clear reading from the Bible, Shakespeare, Conrad, and so forth. The members of the association might just as well have formed a body to support and applaud Percy Haughton, whose football teams beat Yale. In the First World War there were even touching meetings in the mud of Flanders when Harvard men discovered that they had taken English 12—and at once sent a postcard to "Copey."

The jokes, the bowler hat, in summer the boater, the almost cataleptic march through the Yard, the feigned slumber as his students read their pieces to him in Hollis 15, the sarcastic comments they were then obliged to write down in the margins of their papers, the rebukes for lateness, as when a Mr. Munn was notified that one more lateness would be an instance of *sic transit gloria mundi*—all this sort of thing is recalled in this book; none of it can be recalled to life.

BUT "Copey" was Mr. Copeland and he was not all jokes. He was an individual in a college remarkable for individuality. Mr. Copeland came, a poor boy of excellent Lowell and Copeland lineage, to Harvard from Maine—from Calais, pronounced "Callus." Dropping out all the nonsense, it is here that Mr. Adams takes over and tells the straight story Mr. Copeland would have appreciated. The young man got through Harvard, not much more than that, taught schoolboys in New Jersey, then worked for a Boston newspaper. He reviewed plays in a straightforward, old-fashioned, sensible manner; he saw the performances of all the touring great—Edwin Booth, Salvini, Fanny Kemble, Lily Langtry, Julia Marlowe, and Coquelin—and, in a manner resembling Bernard Shaw's admiration for Mrs. Campbell, he worshiped the wonderful Minnie Maddern Fiske. He frequented Boston's famous saloon "The Hole in the Ground." He would have liked to be an actor but physically he would have been fitted for only comic parts. So he started his long Harvard career. This is what Mr. Adams narrates with deep understanding. He tells all the jokes, but he knows the gallant integrity the jokes served to mask. Mr. Copeland was a lonely man, afraid of dying, too much intent on forcing recognition, with an honest love of good writing and contempt for pretense. In an America, even in a Harvard, that was rapidly losing interest in regional values, he was a regional man: Maine, Boston, and Cambridge composed his world, with England—that is to say the King James Bible and Shakespeare—in the nourishing background.

One may dismiss the panegyrics of his students. What they saw, nevertheless, and what impressed them was a man who had built up, no matter through what repeated artifice, a symbol of real devotion to clean prose and clean if lusty words. Mr. Copeland had no sympathy for extravagance; the decadent did not please him. He put a stop to many false talents.

ONE GROWS OLD, and the boundary line between school and college, even Harvard College, so important when one crossed it, loses all definition. There is only the memory of a period in which were experienced the first illuminations, delights, discoveries of form and order, together with the knowledge that there are jumps the mind refuses: thus one day it was found that words could be given cadence and made to rhyme, but also that there was the passage in the multiplication table, precisely where eight multiplies seven, that would never be mastered. When and where did these adventures occur? What teachers, what Copelands, may have helped them to occur? The circumstances of place and time seem wholly interchangeable: there was the kindergarten that is youth; one attended it for long years, for a brief instant, and all that is over.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By offering you THE REPORTER at half price only $2.50 for 20 issues

We're meeting you halfway in price only, because there's nothing halfway about what you'll find in The Reporter. For only $2.50, you'll get twenty issues of what Senator J. W. Fulbright called "not only adult journalism, but unadulterated journalism."

Beside bringing you all the news that really matters, The Reporter brings it to you first. In the last few years

You could have read these famous "FIRSTS" only in The Reporter

- the first full report on radioactive fallout in the U.S.
- the first full analysis of newsmen's influence on government—and vice-versa
- the first full study of Jimmy Hoffa and his Teamsters, before the Senate investigation
- the first full report of public-relations manipulations of government
- the first full story of wiretapping in government and business
- the first full investigation of the uses and abuses of the lie-detector in government
- the first reports of revolutionary unrest in Hungary and Poland — a month before the uprisings
- the first publication in English—three long excerpts—of "Doctor Zhivago"
- the first comprehensive analysis of Khrushchev's visit to the U.S.

Less than a penny a day

. . . is all it costs you to become a regular Reporter reader with this special half-price offer:

Only $2.50 for 20 issues (40 weeks)

You can take advantage of this half-price offer to introduce your friends to The Reporter too. Charge the subscriptions if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later.

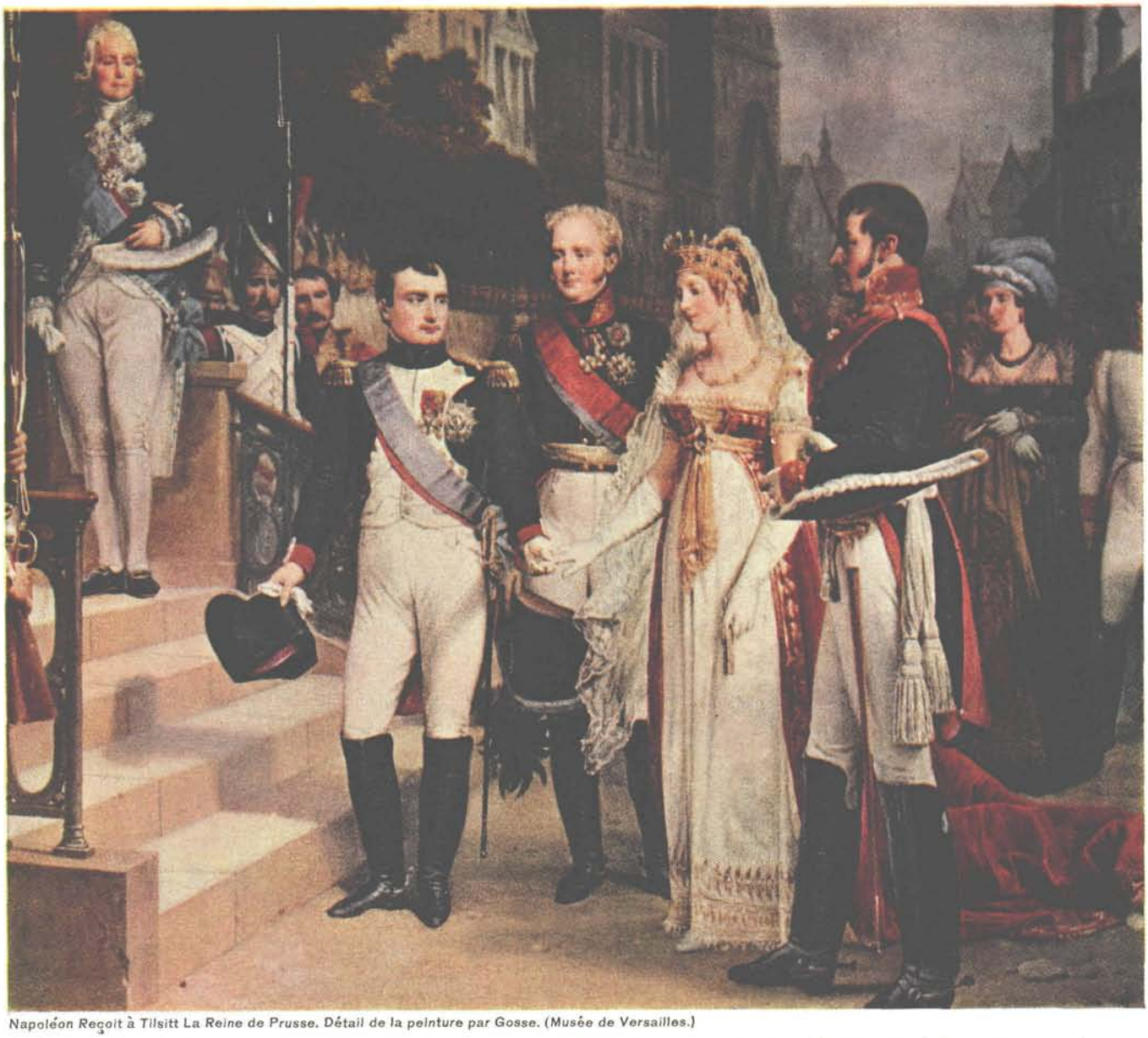
Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order. So to enjoy The Reporter regularly at half price, mail the reply card opposite now.

Regular rates: 1 year $6; 2 years $9.50; 3 years $12
(Add $1 per year for foreign postage)

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue
New York 21, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

What a host of historic moments are associated with Courvoisier Cognac! It is ***The Brandy of Napoleon.*** As you lift a glass of Courvoisier, reflect *un petit moment* that you hold in your hand Cognac of the same matchless flavour and bouquet which has been the choice of kings and statesmen, of all who can command the finest.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

*COURVOISIER COGNAC — AND COURVOISIER ONLY — BEARS THIS REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.I.*, P.O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Dept. R-1.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED